Fit "TripleX" – and be safe

2/-

The Sketch

By Appointment Cyder Makers to H.M. KING GEORGE VI H.M. QUEEN MARY
William Gaymer & Son Ltd., Attleborough & London

Gaymer's
CYDER
Famous for over 300 years

WETHERALL
bond st sportsclothes

cleverchange fourway (belted) topcoat
breathlessly smart handtailored saddlestitched
worn tie or buckle belted half or unbelted
royal patent designed 554368. USA 723347 wetherall house, bond street, w1

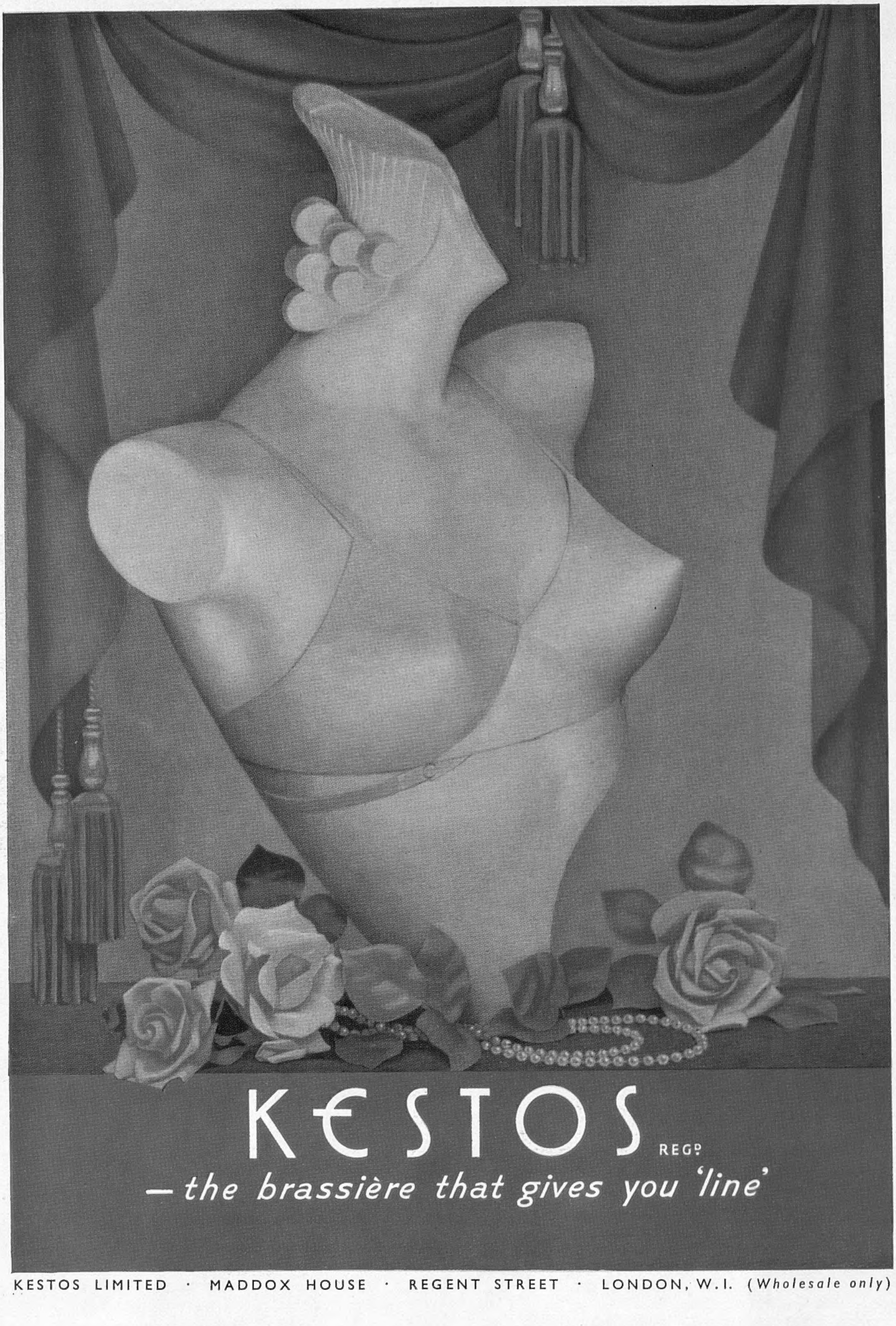
The Aristocrat of Liqueurs
Drambuie
THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO., Ltd., 12, YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH

McVITIE & PRICE
Biscuits of Highest Quality
EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

'polly' is back again
Apollinaris
NATURAL SPARKLING SPRING WATER

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED
MOTOR UNION INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.
10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES (12 months, including postage) Inland £2 : 16 : 6 Canada £2 : 7 : 6 Elsewhere Abroad £2 : 10 : 0

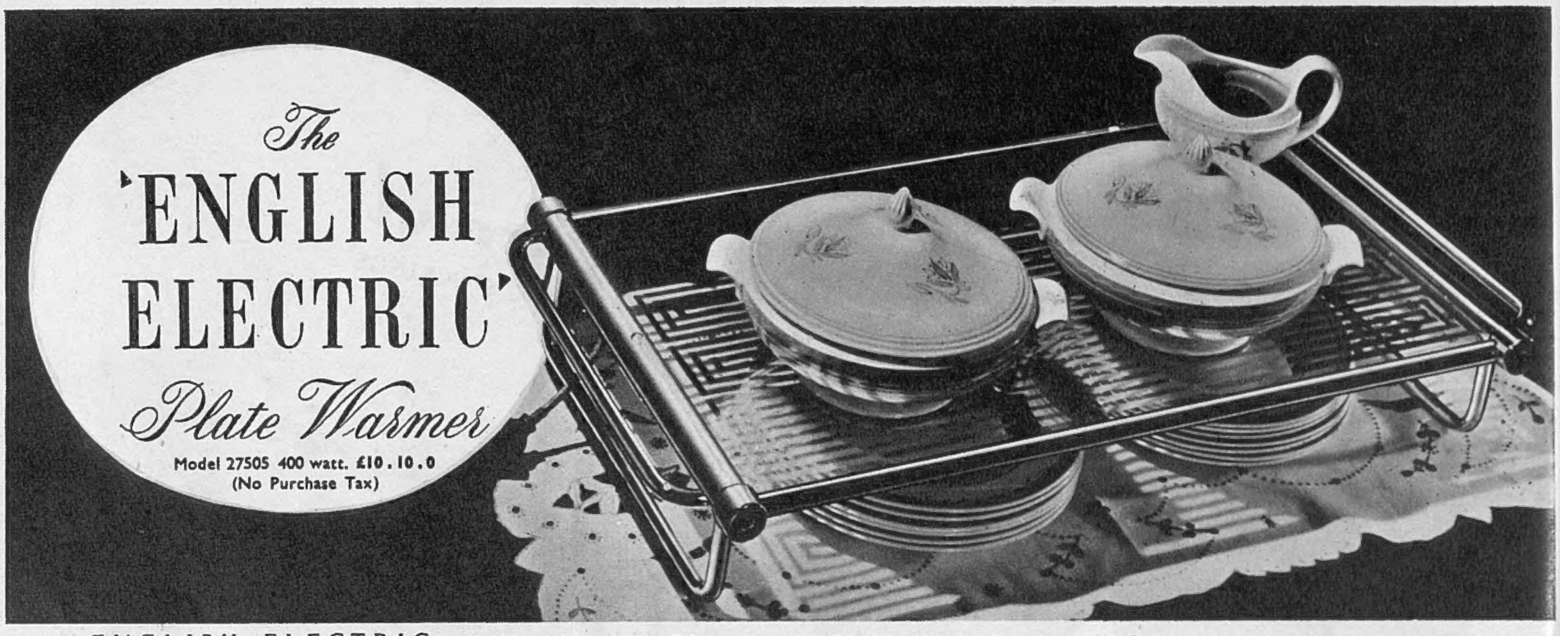

KESTOS REGD
— the brassière that gives you 'line'
KESTOS LIMITED · MADDOX HOUSE · REGENT STREET · LONDON, W.1. (Wholesale only)

Pour le beau temps,
naturellement . . .
Bear Brand
SUPERFINE STOCKINGS
LE FIGARO

The gift to give pleasure all the year round

For food perfectly served. For hot meals for late-comers. For piping hot second helpings. For hot coffee after dinner. For hot buffets.

For your greater pleasure and convenience. Gentle heat keeps the whole meal hot, but it will not damage the surface of your sideboard.



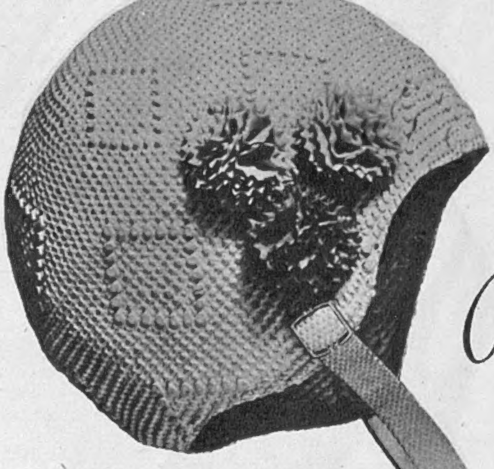
THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED · QUEENS HOUSE · KINGSWAY · LONDON · W.C.2

'THAT'S WHAT I CALL A LOVELY FIGURE!"

. . . there's better finish . . . and more ideas . . . in Gothic brassieres and . . .

J.B. foundations.

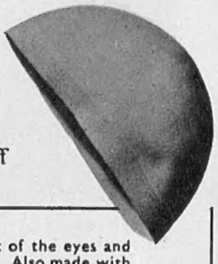
Kleinert's VIKING CAPS



for *Beauty*

. . AND HER BEAU

She—being clever about hats—has an eye for these debonair Viking Bathing Caps. There's the 'Pom-pom', White, side-trimmed; the 'Carnival' also White, with multi coloured spots. The 'Standard' Viking, in White, Red, Blue, Green and Yellow, has the crochet-stitch design which is Kleinert's special moulding. Special, too, is the 'Dri-lined' Viking with Kleinert's stockinette inset moulded to the nape. These smoothlined feather-light caps slip on and off without hair-drag. Price 4/6 to 7/6.



FOR MEN . . .

The essentially masculine 'skull-cap' to keep hair out of the eyes and dry. Approved for under the regulation Polo Cap. Also made with a chin-strap. Both in White and Tan.

Jacqmar

Fashion fabrics at their finest for cocktail and evening dresses

as modelled by Paris and London Haute Couture

at Jacqmar shops and stockists or direct from

Jacqmar

16 GROSVENOR STREET LONDON W.1

Valstar

DISTINCTIVE WEATHERWEAR

TRADE ENQUIRIES TO

VALSTAR LIMITED, SALFORD 6, LANCS.

314 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE WEATHERWEAR

The "four-seven-eleven" moment

. . . a fresh touch to make-up

You simply mustn't take an exhausting day with you to the party! But hiding tiredness behind make-up isn't enough. What your inner self needs is the refreshing "lift" that '4711' Eau de Cologne immediately gives. Inhale its fragrant vapour from cupped hands . . . use its freshness freely on the forehead, behind the ears, at the nape of the neck, on the wrists. That's the way to use '4711' when you want to feel *alive* again. Never put it on your clothes. Keep the large size bottle in the bathroom for the friction that invigorates. Have the watch shaped bottle in your handbag with lipstick and compact — to banish the fatigue that make-up only disguises!

No. 4711. Eau de Cologne

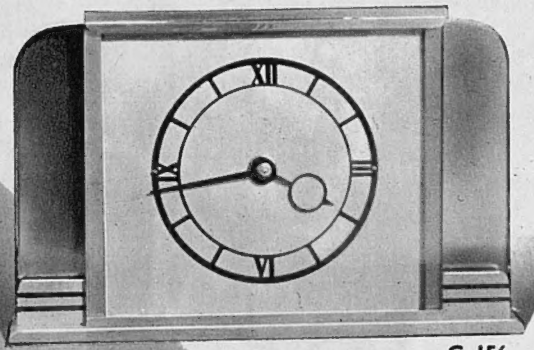
BLUE AND GOLD LABEL

Watch shaped size 4/- (incl. tax) for the handbag

Larger sizes from 7/8 to 40/- (incl. tax)

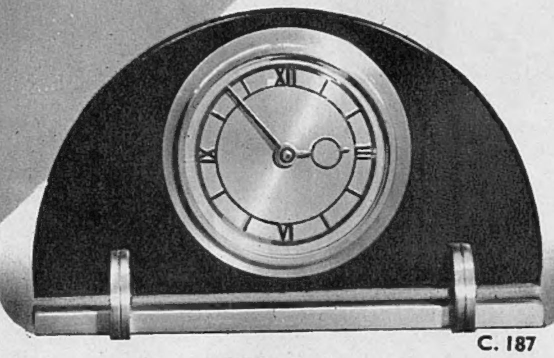
★ *When the occasion demands a perfume as well as the freshness of '4711' use either TOSCA, RHINEGOLD or LA BOHÈME Perfumed Eau de Colognes. Also obtainable as full-strength perfumes.*

Made in England by R. J. REUTER COMPANY LTD., SLOUGH, BUCKS.



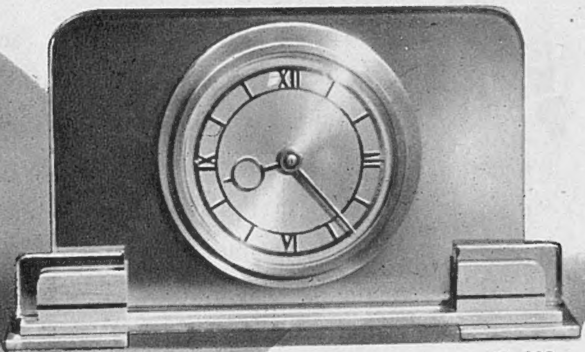
C. 156

Time in



C. 187

the modern



C. 188

manner

Silvered dials set against a background of beautifully tinted glass provide the dominant theme in these modern 8-day lever movement clocks, designed to blend attractively with modern decorative schemes. The clocks may be seen at any of our Showrooms now: but if an immediate visit is inconvenient, a special department at each establishment handles postal enquiries carefully and with despatch. Details are as follows:

C.156	Peach, Blue or Green glass wings.	Height 4¾ins.	£11 0s. 0d.
C.187	Peach glass surround.	Height 5⅛ins.	£13 18s. 0d.
C.188	Peach glass surround.	Height 5½ins.	£14 6s. 0d.

MAPPIN AND WEBB

LIMITED

LONDON SHOWROOMS:

156-162 OXFORD ST., W.1. 2 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.4. 172 REGENT ST., W.1.

SHEFFIELD SHOWROOMS: NORFOLK ST.

PARIS BIARRITZ BUENOS AIRES RIO DE JANEIRO JOHANNESBURG BOMBAY

FROM OUR COLLECTION OF GOOD-LOOKING

Jersey Dresses

We have selected this example of a button-through style with three soft folds on one side of the bodice only, carried through to the skirt. A crisp white piqué front relieves the neckline.

In Navy, Natural, Black and Donkey Brown.

Hips 38", 40" **17 gns.**
42" **18 gns.**

We are specialists in EXPORT

KNITWEAR
FIRST FLOOR

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET · LONDON · W.1
LANgham 4444
(Debenhams Ltd.)

BY APPOINTMENT TOILET SOAPMAKERS TO H.M. THE KING A. & F. PEARS LTD LONDON

Pears

Embassy soap

Beautiful women know how important to loveliness is the gentle care of Embassy Soap. Only a *mild* soap cleanses delicate skin without the risk of causing roughness, and Embassy Soap is *truly mild*, made by Pears to help keep the complexion smooth, clear and fresh!

Look for the lovely blue and gold wrapper 8½D.

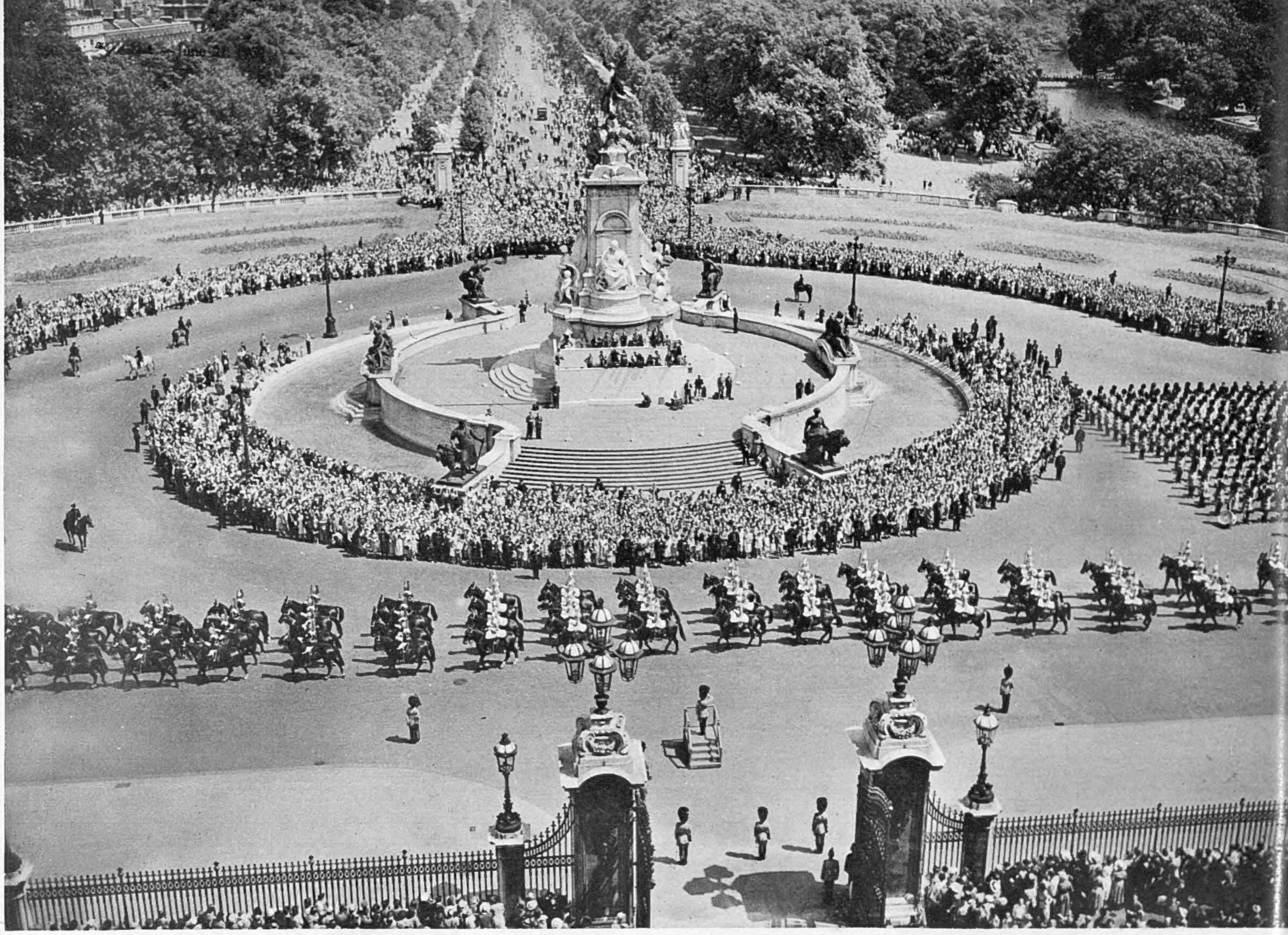
PY 33/828/100

The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1950

Photographed by ANGUS McBEAN.

DECORATIVE

FORMER star of *Off the Record*, Eve Ashley now co-stars with Bobby Howes in Television's fortnightly programme *Such is Life*. Recently she became engaged to Mr. Stephen F. Raphael, stockbroker and racehorse owner.



Before Buckingham Palace the King took the salute in the final stages of the ceremony of Trooping the Colour. (See also page 565.)

Sketch-Book

BEVERLEY BAXTER

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON called London the Great Bagdad of the West, and in early summer it lives up to that name. Everyone who is anybody, and a lot of people who are nobody in particular, come to London at this time of the year, and there are lively scenes in the bazaars. The local authorities enter into the festival spirit by tearing up the roads in all directions so that visitors in cars, taxis or omnibuses will have plenty of time to pause and enjoy the wonders of the mighty capital.

How graciously the parks add space and beauty to the scene! Cities like Paris and London owe much to the monarchical and aristocratic system which never hesitated to minister to the pleasures of the few—especially the pretty ladies—and bothered very little about the many. So in the passing of time the fields where plumed aristocrats and their ladies once rode their horses become parks for the people. Those who sit these days and gaze at the Serpentine or savour the loveliness of Green Park should acknowledge their debt to the illicit loves of the golden, bad old days.

Democracy is a magnificent achievement of the human soul, but it is inherently ugly. Democracy can never find space for anything. Its cities are cramped and confined, its town halls are imprisoned by shops and dwelling-houses, its suburbs are relentlessly conquered by the spreading rash from the centre, and neon lights obscure the stars. That is why people of sensibility always choose to live in capitals which were conceived in sin but grew to beauty and graciousness.

Therefore we ought to do everything we can to give to our visitors the pageantry of other days without, of course, being self-conscious or pompous about it. Will Rogers used to say that when he was in London he always went to Whitehall to see the changing of the Guard, but in Paris he always went to the Quai d'Orsay to see them change the Government.

I would like to see detachments of the Lancers in ceremonial regalia riding daily from their barracks and paying a friendly call on the Horse Guards. We ought to send the Royal Coach out for an airing at frequent intervals. This is the kind of thing that delights a man from Kansas City and makes a Torontonian go all starry-eyed. Herbert Morrison should add the duty of Ring-master of Pageantry to his present tasks, for he has London in his blood and is no mean showman. It is perhaps asking too much, but if Mr. Churchill would drive to Parliament each day in an open carriage, it would do a lot to close the dollar gap.

In other words, the perfect host should never make his guest feel at home. If you want to feel at home, why go away at all? Let us convince our friends from Chicago that they are in a friendly

but foreign capital which has almost nothing in common with the Middle West. At any rate, I drop a pebble in the pool in the hope that it will make a bit of a splash.

To those of us who live in London and are therefore residents rather than sightseers, the charm of this time of the year is the arrival of interesting personalities from abroad. I was particularly glad to renew my acquaintance with Oscar Hammerstein and Dick Rodgers, who are to this generation what Gilbert and Sullivan were to our fathers. They came to supervise the London production of their *Carousel*, but they found time to see their friends and also a number of other productions.

Hammerstein is big, tall, gentle, kindly and humorous. He has a lazy charm about him that is quite irresistible, especially as it is mixed with complete sincerity. I was having a cocktail with the old firm, and they told me that on that evening they were going to see Ivor Novello's *King's Rhapsody*. I suggested sending an *Evening Standard* reporter to find out their impressions of it.

"I can tell you now," said Hammerstein. "We loved it."

If President Truman is looking for a new Ambassador to London, he might consider Oscar Hammerstein.

Richard Rodgers is smaller than his partner, and has the cool, calculating eye which so often characterises a popular composer. I cannot explain this but merely state it. Popular composers are nearly always business men at heart who somehow got diverted into music. When Irving Berlin concludes a contract there is no need for lawyers or agents to be present. In fact, they could hardly stand the strain. Cole Porter is also said to be a man of affairs who can read a balance-sheet as easily as an orchestral score.

It is the writers, not the composers, who are the romantics. Oscar Hammerstein is one by instinct and heredity. His rich grandfather, of the same name, was such a romantic that he thought London should have two opera houses, whereas, of course, it has never been able to support one adequately. So he built the gorgeous London Opera House in Kingsway, now after many vicissitudes known as the Stoll Theatre. With a nice touch of irony his grandson's displaced *Oklahoma !* has now gone there.

ANOTHER American in town is Irene Dunne, who is going to improve on nature by playing Queen Victoria in a film directed by Nunnally Johnston, whose picture *Grapes of Wrath* will always be remembered as one of the supreme achievements of film production. In the Queen Victoria picture there is a scene in the British Parliament, and Mr. Johnston and his pretty wife asked me if they could hear a debate in the House so as to get the atmosphere.

They came to Westminster next day, and I got them seats in the Strangers' Gallery. As they walked up the steps their excitement was like that of two pilgrims arriving at a holy shrine. I hadn't the heart to tell them that what they were going to hear was a non-controversial debate on the Scottish Midwives Bill and that the House consisted of about fourteen Scottish M.P.s. But that is the worst of Parliament. Except on great occasions we cannot guarantee the quality of the performance.

But Mr. Nunnally Johnston returned my indifferent hospitality by inviting me to a dinner-party at the Dorchester in honour of Miss Irene Dunne. It was a fine affair, with about ten individual tables with five or six guests at each.

I had the pleasure of sitting beside Miss Dunne, whom I had not met since the return of the *Queen Mary* on her maiden voyage. She is really a lovely creature, with a quality of serenity that is paradoxically stimulating instead of deadening. She is from Hollywood but not of it. The gossip-writers of filmland can do nothing with her or for her, since she and her husband and daughter live a normal life in the very midst of abnormality.

She is not film-struck, stage-struck or star-struck. On the other hand, she does not make the mistake of pretending that she is a nobody. She knows that in a long series of films she has brought charm, humour and integrity to her task and that she has a special place in the affections of decent people in many countries. So what ? She remains herself, and leaves the little loves of Hollywood to the others.

It was Swinburne or some poet who looked on a very lovely young woman who had come to his house and said : "Come into my garden. I want my roses to see you." If it weren't for Max the Aberdeen terrier, I would like to say the same thing to Irene Dunne, but Max neither possesses nor appreciates serenity. Besides, I haven't got any roses.

SINCE we last communed together on this page your humble servant attended two sporting events in which British prestige was not exactly enhanced. One was the Derby and the other the defeat of Bruce Woodcock.

How unchanging is Epsom on Derby Day ! My good friend Anthony Marlowe, who is both a K.C. and an M.P., chartered a motor-coach, and with a goodly party of all ages and sizes we eventually ended up on the other side of the course, which is the social equivalent to being on the wrong side of the railway tracks. The crowd was enormous, and looked just the same as if Edward VII. were still on the throne.

Gypsies, costers, tricksters, swells, cloth caps, caravans, absconding bookies, choc ices, merry-go-rounds, coconut shies, fortune-tellers, and every now and then the thud of horses' hoofs (or is it hooves ?). I would think that more petty rogues turn up on the popular side of the course than at any other festival of the year. The police had a field day catching welshers, for with the exception of the Derby the horses ran pretty well to form.

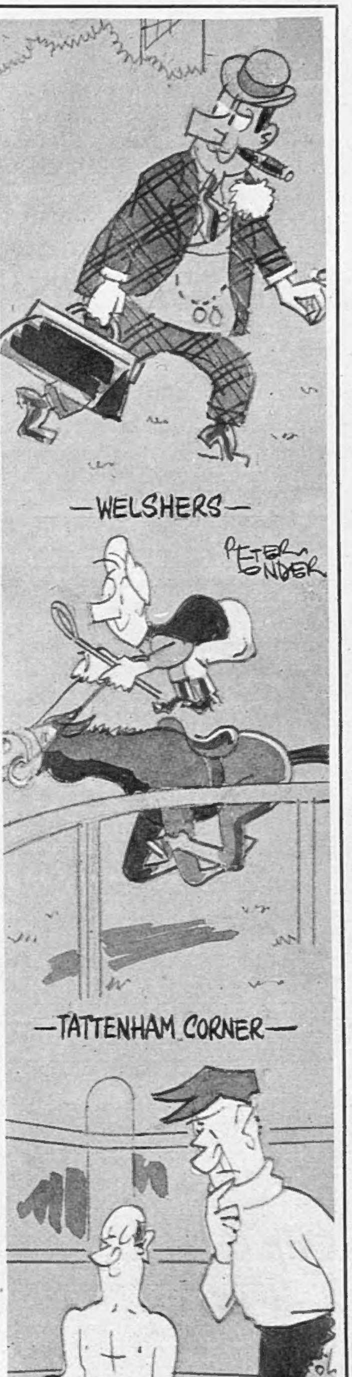
The little unregistered bookies who did not abscond paid 3 or 4 to 1 on the 100 to 9 Derby winner, and always tried to retain the stake, especially if you looked like an innocent. The toilet arrangements would disgrace a mining-camp during a gold rush, and the coconuts were so secured that you could hardly dislodge one with a hammer. There were, however, three voluptuous but rather skinny young women with a tent who promised that their strip-tease act was of such a character that they had never had a disappointed customer.

But why does Epsom not have a running loud-speaker commentary on the race as it is done on every big course in America ? I could not see the start of the Derby, and got my first glimpse of the horses as they rounded Tattenham Corner. Yet I watched it from the grandstand side and paid £1 15s. for a 30-yard survey of the course. Few of us had any idea what was happening or what had happened.

And was there ever such ingratitude as that shown by the all-conquering Rae Johnstone ? "I said before the race that my horse was not a stayer, and I still say it." I wonder why he and M. Boussac chose a horse that couldn't stay ?

As for the other event, the Big Fight was superbly staged by Frank Gentle and his staff at the White City, and we had as usual Solomon's weather. But let us face the truth. Yes, we have no heavy-weights, we have no heavy-weights to-day. Bruce, like his immortal namesake, showed courage, but the American looked as if he could win when he chose. And he did.

But you will agree that London in June is not dull. Beverley Baxter



Cherry brandy for sale. . . . "Going . . . going . . ." : the auctioneer, Margot Grahame.

SOME STAR TURNS AT THE

WITH infectious zest, stars of stage and screen worked hard at Roehampton to aid the Actors' Orphanage Fund in the two-day Theatre and Film Carnival which this year took the place of the former Theatrical Garden Party. The Duchess of Kent, escorted by Noel Coward (President of the Fund since 1935), was present on the first day. In a kiosk Dame Sybil Thorndike sold cigarettes ; Sir Ralph Richardson

On the set both ways you look at it : Richard Attenborough, Larry Parks, give a film test to Richard Todd.

Mr. Roger Furse, theatre, film décor artist, drew portraits ; Vivien Leigh sat for him.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent released a balloon in the balloon race. Leslie Henson watched.

For U.S. film-star Cesar Romero : champagne.

THEATRE AND FILM CARNIVAL

drew portraits of his fans, sold them for 5s. apiece ; Ivor Novello, Richard Todd, Gladys Cooper, Douglass Montgomery, Valerie Hobson, John Mills signed autographs among other activities. Big stars and stardust made all the money they could in a good cause, with climatic conditions wonderful. Visitors responded heartily ; bought what the stars sold, and won prizes.

At the "Circus of the Stars" : Ringmaster Rex Harrison, with Ruby Vinning, Jimmy Hanley, Rosalyn Boulter, acted "barkers." Look below for their footwork.

"Who 'll buy a nice basket of gooseberries ?" cried Moira Lister, helping to swell the funds.

For their owners, look up ; they 're the tops.

Lucky catch in the fishing contest for Lana Morris.

Candid Cameo

SIR LOUIS GREIG

By "Bax"

THAT eminent and useful publication, *Who's Who,* prides itself upon its accuracy, but if you look at the name of Sir Louis Greig you will detect an obvious howler. The date of his birth is given as November 1880, which is patently absurd. If those figures mean anything, Sir Louis will be seventy years of age next autumn. But even assuming that the entry is correct, what idiot was it who invented the calendar and thereby decided that men born on the same day are always as old as each other? You might as well say that a motor-car run to pieces is the same age as one that has been properly serviced and driven with discretion.

However, no matter what his years may be, take him for all in all we shall not look upon Louis Greig's like again. It has been said that a man without friends has no heart and that a man without enemies has no character. That is another axiom which Louis explodes. He has no enemies, and he is full of character. You can't be born in Scotland one of eleven children (seven boys and four girls) without developing character as well as a strong instinct for survival. One of the many curious paradoxes about him is that he has devoted a large part of his life to games, but retains a sensitive and understanding mind. Most men who devote their lives to out-of-door games have to be conversed with in words of one syllable and at a slow tempo, but Louis can take words of any length and return them with interest. But then his family is related to the immortal Grieg of Norway (who was also of Scottish origin although he spelt his name with the I before the E), which means that he is imaginative and an expressionist. Perhaps if Louis had been born in the land of fjords instead of bagpipes he might have been a composer instead of playing Horatio to the Prince.

Incidentally, he is never so voluble as when playing games. When he captained the United Services XV. at Portsmouth he used to exhort his pack so audibly that on one occasion a woman said to her friend: "If you're doing nothing else this afternoon let's go and hear Louis playing Rugger." Many years ago I crossed the ocean with him when his children were very young and mine were even younger. So one afternoon on deck Louis organised a cricket match with a tennis ball and a slab of wood for a bat and a deck chair as the wicket. The noise was so terrific that passengers rushed up (almost) with their lifebelts on.

It is true that Sir Louis is technically a courtier, for he was Gentleman Usher in Ordinary to the King for many years and has been extra Gentleman Usher for the last thirteen years, but he is no courtier in the ordinary sense. More a d'Artagnan than an Aramis, he has been the sturdy captain of arms rather than the flatterer, wheedler or intriguer. More than once he gave the Princes the courtier's equivalent of "You can't do that there 'ere!" Legend has it that on one occasion he said: "You, Sir, are a Royal Prince, but Mr. Smith is the umpire, and even if, as you say, he is blind, spavined and of doubtful legitimacy, he is your master and you must obey his ruling."

The continuity of his relations with the Royal family is astonishing. He used to organise family ice-hockey matches, in which King George V. played with gusto and some skill. Not so many years ago Sir Louis partnered the then Duke of York in the men's doubles at Wimbledon. After the first world war, in which the young Duke of York was attached to General Critchley's Air Force Training Unit at Hastings, the Duke took his pilot's licence, so Louis did the same. When, later on, King George VI. ascended the throne it was under sombre and heartbreak conditions. Edward VIII. had been so idolised and loved that there were no cheers when the heralds from St. James's Palace proclaimed the coming to the throne of the new King. Yet to-day the whole nation is deeply conscious of his strength of character and devotion to duty—and the nation is proudly grateful. But it should also be grateful to the man from Scotland who did so much to give the young Prince the self-confidence that was required for the fateful tasks ahead.

So closely has Sir Louis been connected with the Royal family that one is apt to forget that he qualified and practised as a surgeon and went in that capacity with the ill-fated Marine Corps that was trapped at Antwerp in the first world war. He was a prisoner in Germany until he was sent home on an exchange. On one occasion in Belgium a German officer said to him: "What are you doing here?" To which Greig replied: "For that matter, what are you doing here?" Afterwards he served with the Dover Patrol, which must have been something of a nightmare for a surgeon.

Of course, he should have been a diplomat, except that he lacks vanity. By nature and by training he is the loyal chamberlain, the devoted counsellor, Kurneval to Tristan, and as I said, Horatio to the Prince. When Ramsay MacDonald, then Premier, was ill and had to journey to Scotland, King George told him: "I will send you the tonic." The tonic was Sir Louis. When in 1940 Churchill appointed Sir Archibald Sinclair Secretary of State for Air, "Archie" asked for Greig as personal Air Secretary—an association that lasted until the end of the war.

I am aware that in this portrait I have left out the warts, but despite a long friendship with Louis, I cannot see them. Perhaps with his personality and strength, he should have entered the lists as a champion in his own right, fought for the power and glory of personal achievement, and cried: "I will be Cæsar and shall command my Greigs to attend and sustain me!" But what can you do with a man who could captain Scotland and then sit by the fireside and speak with awe of the great Rugger captains of the past? There is humility in Louis' heart, but not the humility of a Uriah Heep. "If I have been of service I am glad," he would say. Truly it could be said of Group-Captain Sir Louis Greig that no man's day was made harder for having encountered him during the journey of the sun from East to West.

Next week we shall see him at Royal Wimbledon again, for, as you know, he is Chairman of the All-England Club. He will meet Queen Mary at the entrance, and her eyes will twinkle at the sight of him: he will escort the Duchess of Kent to the Centre Court and will then step back while her Royal Highness presents the Cup to another American champion: if Gorgeous Gussie wears too saucy a costume he will tell her most pleasantly he will have his way. After last year's Wimbledon it was reluctantly decided to retire the official who for so many years designed and advised on costumes for the women players and escorted them to the Centre Court. "Personally," said Sir Louis, "I would watch Miss Moran with pleasure if she wore sackcloth and ashes, but I think the game must take precedence over the costume."

Well, there you have Sir Louis Greig, Deputy Ranger of Richmond Park, courtier, counsellor, sportsman, patriot and a friend to all. When I told him I was going to write this sketch he raised his hands in protest: "Why waste space on me when there are so many important people to write about?"

Perhaps it is as well he did not go in for politics!

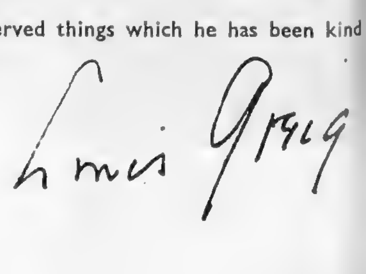
★

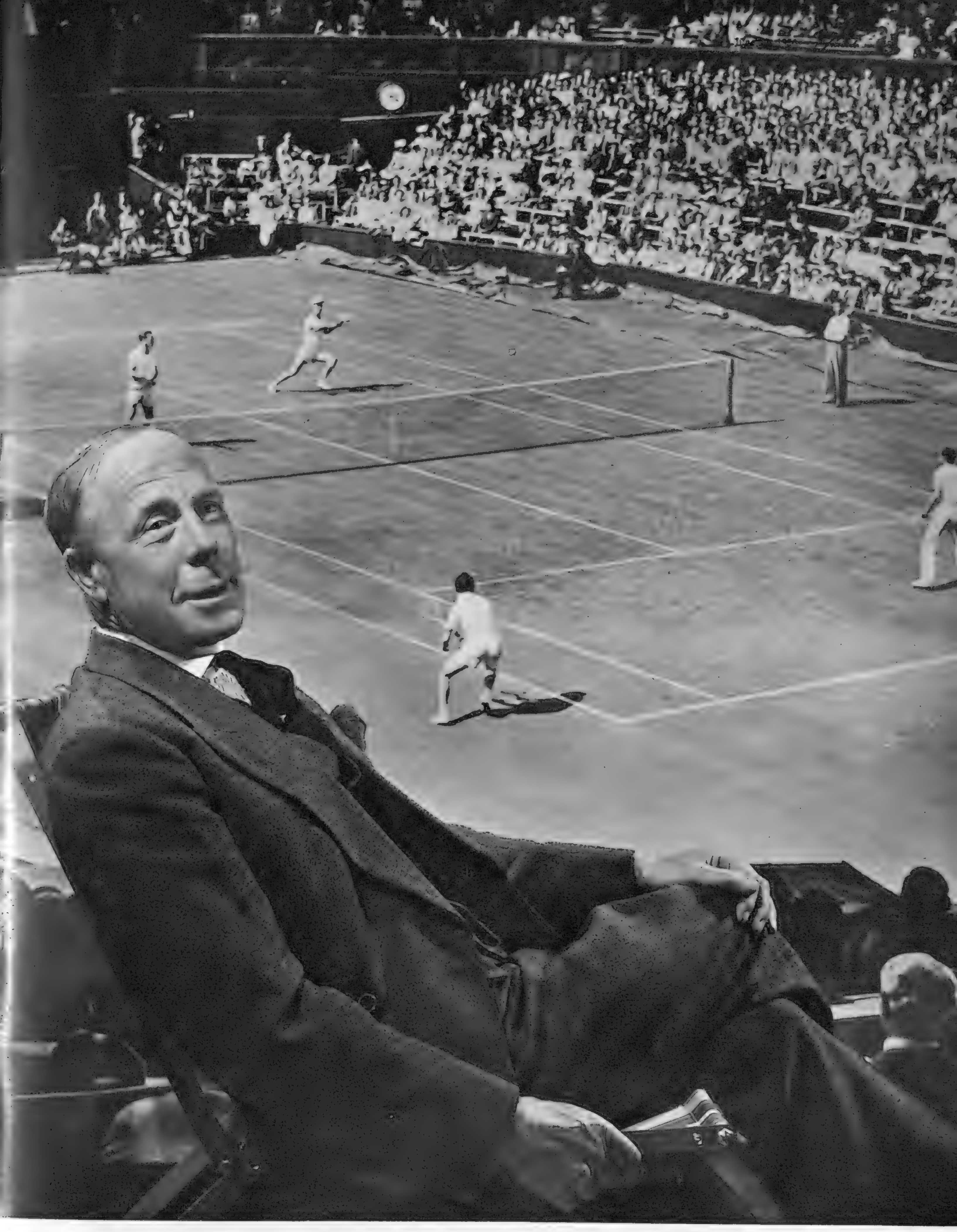
Who . . . Me?

I HAVE read with incredulity and humility the far too kind observations which your Mr. Bax has written.

I have come to the solemn and sad conclusion that the only really accurate thing about this article is that referring to my age. The mixture of my tendency to bad language and my reputed love for the arts, through my very distant connection in Norway, must have made it a very difficult picture for your artist to portray.

I am indeed grateful for the undeserved things which he has been kind enough to say about me, and I am more than content that the artist, with his usual almost uncanny perspicacity, did not delve deeper into the character of this "Candid Cameo," which I am supposed to represent.





Photocollage by ANGUS McBEAN.

CHAIRMAN OF THE ALL-ENGLAND CLUB: SIR LOUIS GREIG

Photographed by WALTER BIRD.

New "Command" for Field Marshal

SIR CLAUDE AUCHINLECK,

G.C.B., G.C.I.E., C.S.I., D.S.O., O.B.E.

"THE AUK," who handed Rommel his first defeat in the battle for Egypt, has now quite a different sort of command. As President of the London Federation of Boys' Clubs he has been appointed by Canadian-born Mr. W. Garfield Weston—former M.P. for Macclesfield—to take fifty lucky British boys on a free tour to Canada this summer. So he satisfies two pet hobbies—to help and inspire youth, and to travel ; and he will meet his friend and fellow-artist, the Governor-General, Field Marshal Lord Alexander. The boys are hand-picked ; possess those "ambassadorial" qualities likely to make Canadian friends for Britain ; can speak in public or on the air ; and they come, a few from Public Schools, some from the Macclesfield Parliamentary Division, others from various parts of the United Kingdom. The party will sail from Liverpool on August 1, visiting, among other places, the Niagara Falls, Canada's atomic-energy plant ; her National Exhibition in Toronto, and a boys' holiday camp, arriving home in September. With Sir Claude will go his painting paraphernalia, to make some pictures, perhaps, of those famous Canadian sunsets.

DATE - BOOK
(Our Social Diary)

JUNE 3.

To " The Fourth " at Eton this page is entirely devoted. A great celebration of George III.'s birthday it was this year ; speeches in Upper Hall—once bombed, now restored—and the complete programme. Picture left shows : Peter Scott, Mrs. Charles Scott and Mrs. Peter Kemp. Centre : Miss Davinia Portman and Mr. Barry Maxwell, coping with a platterful. Right : H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, with Princess Alexandra, and the Duke, who bore an outsize rose in his buttonhole.

" THE FOURTH " AT ETON.

Not a boy present could have suffered a tremor over the sartorial choice of his feminine relations. All was normal, attractive, summery. And no eccentricities. Printed silks, cottons, in elegance and variety, were worn. Even hats were unostentatious though decorative. Lunching by their car in the left-hand picture were Mrs. Richard Ussher and Mr. . D. Leslie-Melville. Summery group in centre : Miss Sylvia Stanier, the Hon. Gloria Curzon, daughter of Lord Scarsdale, and Mrs. Stuart Pitman. Right : Misses Elizabeth ee-Norman and Virginia owles, with Capt. C. Bowles.

ETON.

n left, three " wet-bobs " traditional kit for the ocession of boats—starting from Agar's Eyot—hich marks close of the elebrations. L. to r. : Messrs. B. R. E. M. and M. A. C. Drummond, the Hon. R. N. Crossley, younger son of Lord Somerleyton, and Miss B. Crossley. Centre—with early Victorian parasols to shield their eyes—Mrs. R. Fairbairn and Mrs. J. L. Dixon. Right : a family picnic luncheon-party : Miss Caroline Dalgety, Mrs. C. T. Dalgety, just about to broach a bottle of champagne, Mr. A. T. and Mr. C. T. Dalgety.

ETON

[Continued overleaf.

DATE-

WEEK-END AT GLENDORGAL.

APPLEYARD—LYONS WEDDING.

JUNE 5.

(Left.) Glendorgal, near Newquay, Cornwall ; Mr. Nigel Tangye has opened his home as hotel with Continental holiday touch. In foreground, Lord and Lady Rendlesham's recent week-end party includes Miss Rally, Mr. Louis Larthe, Mr. Bamfield, and Mr. and Mrs. Grievson.

Wedding of Patricia, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Lyons, of Wappenbury Hall, Warwickshire, to Mr. Ian Appleyard, son of Captain J. E. Appleyard, took place recently in Wappenbury church.

PREMIÈRE OF "ODETTE."

MARLBOROUGH GALLERY PRIVATE VIEW.

JUNE 6.

The King and Queen attended the Plaza première of Odette, epic story of Mrs. Odette Churchill, G.C., with Anna Neagle starring. Also in picture Princess Alice Countess of Athlone and the Earl of Athlone. Miss Edith Evans is talking to the Queen ; and, right, film-sta programme - sellers includ Sally Gray, Mai Zetterling Sally Ann Howes.

JUNE 6.

Lady Caroline Thynne an Mr. David Somerset, to b married July 5, went t Private View of paintings b French Masters of nineteent and twentieth centuries, a Marlborough Gallery. Right Renoir's enchanting pastel— "Jeunes Filles Assises."

RICHMOND ROYAL HORSE SHOW.

JUNE 8-10.

Richmond Royal Horse Show jubilee held in unbeatabl weather ; ground in first-class condition ; and record entry of great quality. First-day spotlight was on hack classes and juvenile hunters, the latter judged by Colonel Walwyn and Lord Fortescue. Second day, referees were called in for final decision in close cob championship and the 14·2 hands children's pony class. See right-hand picture for winner of the latter—Mr. T. H. Edgar's famous Débutante, ridden by Marie Clews. Centre : Scarlett Rimell on Peter Pan received the Challenge Bowl for Class 9 children's ponies, from Princess Alice Countess of Athlone. Left-hand : Ronald Clifford on Grock took first prize for best boy rider in Class 9.

-BOOK

JUNE 10.

Household Brigade Regatta at the Guards' Boat Club, Maidenhead, held in tropical heat. Boat-racing included regimental IVs, Canadian canoe, and punt races, Scots Guards winning the IVs from Grenadiers in final. Special Regatta lunch and dinner, supplemented by strawberries-and-cream bar. Left: Lady Elizabeth Lindesay-Bethune, with her mother, Lady Lindsay; centre: Lord Calthorpe and Miss Rosemary Parr; right: Mr. John Grotrian and Miss Clodagh de Courcy Bennett.

GUARDS' REGATTA, MAIDENHEAD.

JUNE 13.

Royal Ascot, first day. Clouds drew back to disclose the sun as the King and Queen drove up the course with the Duke of Gloucester and the Duke of Beaufort. Ascot returned to pre-war, with bright flowers, better food. The grey toppers were partnered by cartwheels of nylon, straw, chiffon, organdie, feathers, looming above dresses of shantung, silk, broderie Anglaise. Picture left: Mrs. Gerald Wellesley, in green shantung, with black hat. Right: banked up with blue hydrangeas, the Royal Box, with the King, the Queen in lilac-pink, the Duchess of Kent, and other members of the Royal party.

ROYAL ASCOT, FIRST DAY.

Royal Ascot continues with a group by their car, left: Lady Caroline Waterhouse, Miss Serena Sheffield, Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill, Miss Rose Grimston and the Hon. C. Tennant; right: the Hon. Mrs. J. J. Astor; the women all attractively capped instead of wearing cartwheels. The Duchess of Norfolk opened proceedings by a win: "First blood to England!" she cried as her Garrick, with T. F. Burn up, came in first in the opening race, the Queen Anne Stakes. But France followed on immediately, in shape of Baron G. de Waldner, who took valuable Gold Vase with Fastlad, ridden to victory by F. Palmer.

ROYAL ASCOT, FIRST DAY.

[Continued overleaf.

DATE-BOOK
(Abroad)

LE TOUQUET.

MAY 28-31.

Le Touquet. *Retracing steps to Paris-Plage, Mayfairites' heaven for golf, swimming, laisser faire, we find hopes of quick return to pre-war popularity. Picture left: two golfing visitors waiting for No. 1 tee: Mrs. George Broderick and Miss Brian. Right: Lord and Lady Bruce of Melbourne at "Le Manoir," now the Golf Club.*

LE TOUQUET.

Still Le Touquet; at Whitsun, and aperitif time at the Normandy, famous hotel where you sit in hot sunshine sipping iced drinks to orchestral music. Other amenities returned are the lovely piscine; the Casino, rebuilt; hotels and large villas painted and restored. Nine holes on one of the three courses are back to normal; the rest coming along. Mr. Vincent Stoneham, owner of "Le Manoir" and the new Golf Club Secretary, has lent the place for use as a club-house. Two race-meetings will be held in July; and all 's set for happy returns. For it 's easy to fly over from Northolt and a car-ferry operates daily.

IN PARIS.

"HAMLET" AT ELSINORE.

JUNE 2.

Paris. *(Left.) News of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, now happily back in Paris from New York, to stay till August, after which they go south to the Riviera. In this picture they were arriving at the Hotel Lambert on the Ile Saint-Louis to attend Society benefit ball.*

JUNE 7.

Elsinore, Denmark. *In the courtyard of Castle of Kronberg, once seat of the Kings of Denmark, their present Majesties are seen arriving to attend first performance of Hamlet by Old Vic players. Excellent production, with Michael Redgrave, who later received gold Hamlet Medal from Mayor.*

Photographed by ANTONY BEAUCHAMP.

DANCING

WITH FRED ASTAIRE

EVER ambitious, like her versatile father—albeit with a difference—Sarah Churchill has always wanted to partner Fred Astaire in a film. Now she is doing so, for in Hollywood she is making *Royal Wedding* with that inimitably agile dancer, plus June Allyson and Peter Lawford. Her husband, Mr. Tony Beauchamp, took this photograph. He's with her in the celluloid city.

Sir Edmund gives some of the pupils a lesson in archery. Nicole Hanson, from Paris, is holding a bow, while two other pupils sit and watch. For background the ancient house and formal gardens,

Accent on Youth

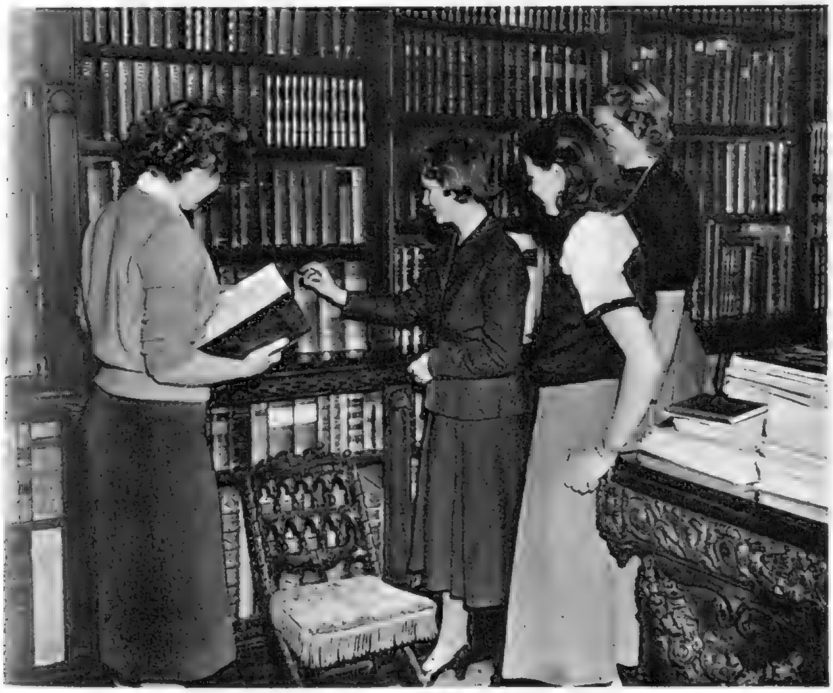
LUXURY FINISHING SCHOOL

In her bedroom—the Paston Room—Elizabeth Heron has a very handsome and elaborately carved period bed, with a quartering of the Bedingfeld Arms painted at the foot.

Ready for a hard game of tennis. L. to r.: Lady Bedingfeld, with Elizabeth Heron, Margaret Schneeburger, of Olten, Switzerland, and Sir Edmund.

WHAT more happily and characteristically English background for "finishing" a girl could be found than Oxburgh Hall, King's Lynn, Norfolk. A castellated house built on the Bedingfeld lands by Sir Edmund Bedingfeld in the fifteenth century, it has history woven into its core. Sir Edmund, educated at New College, Oxford, was a Major in the Welsh Guards during the war. To keep his 4000-acre estate intact, he and his wife are running Oxburgh as a finishing school for girls. Lady Bedingfeld has engaged a teacher-chaperone to teach English, and a French tutor. A hard tennis court has been laid down ; sound-film equipment is installed in one of the hall's 100 rooms for films, educational and popular. The girls bathe in the dredged and deepened moat, can learn to sail a boat at Brancaster, 28 miles away, and they can ride on the estate.

On a sunny morning the girls swim in the moat. Lady Paston-Bedingfeld is on the bank ; Elizabeth about to dive ; and Margaret in the outboard motor-boat with Sir Edmund.



Lady Bedingfeld in the library with some of the girls. Held in the hands of Elizabeth, on the left, is a copy of Domesday Book, in which Oxburgh is mentioned.

Sir Edmund and Lady Paston-Bedingfeld. He, the ninth baronet, is descended from Ogerus de Pugeys, a Norman who came over with the Conqueror, was given the manor of Bedingfeld.

ELEGANT WOMEN, DISTINGUISHED MEN

by

Cowan Dobson

★

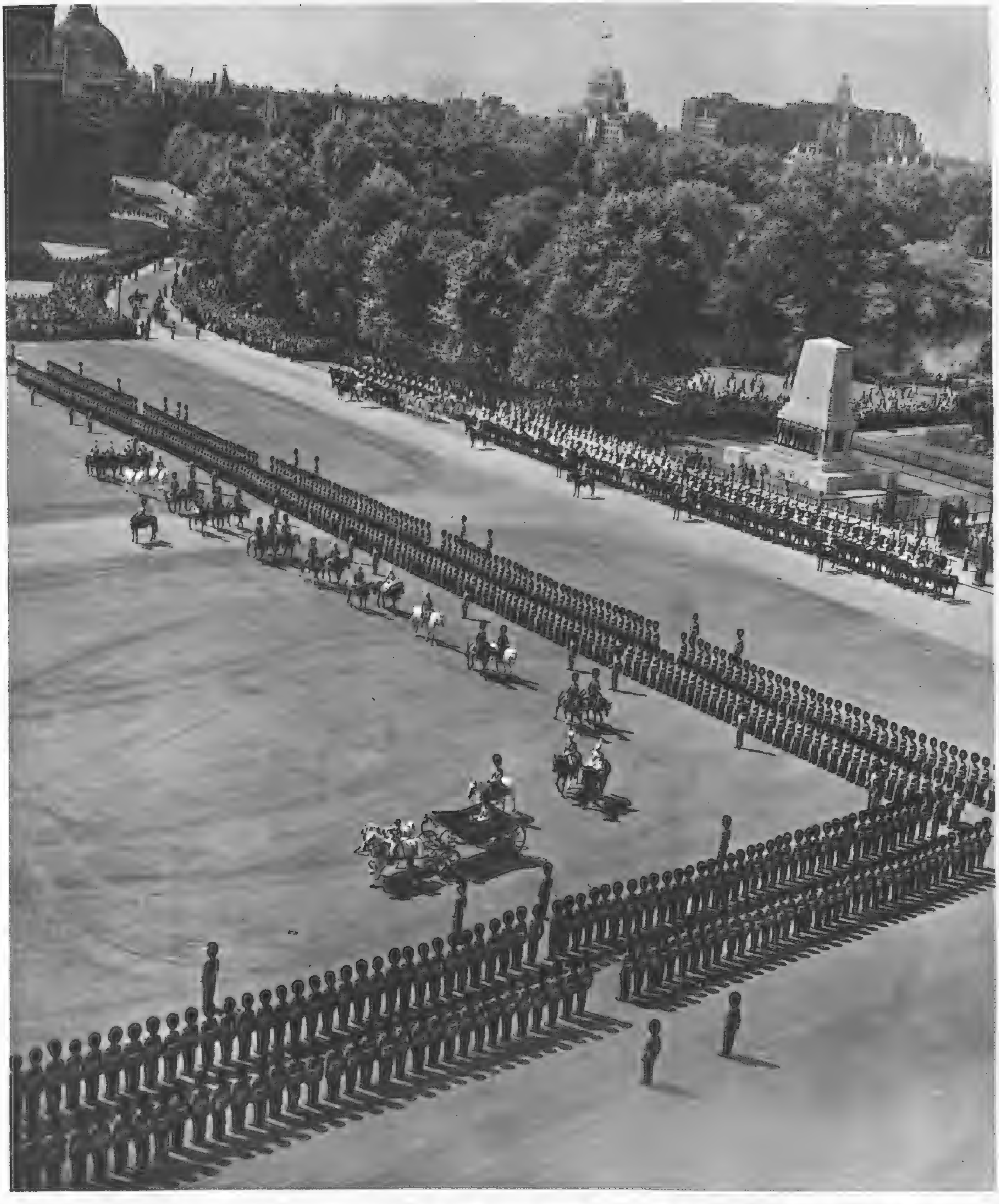
THESE four examples of Mr. Cowan Dobson's work are included in his one-man show of portraits which opens to-day, June 21, at the Cooling Gallery, New Bond Street. Included in the exhibition of about thirty paintings are portraits of Lady Coventry, Lady Scarsdale and Lord Inman, and Mr. Dobson's wife—his favourite and constant model. During their eighteen years of married life he has painted her 101 times. His latest portrait of Mrs. Dobson, titled "Mysticism," forms the centre-piece of the "Gallery of Beautiful Women" which is a major part of the show.

MRS. DAVID BEHAR.

MR. A. BEVERLEY BAXTER, M.P.

MRS. CECIL MILLBOURN.

SIR JOHN BLACK.



PRINCELY PARADE

IN an open landau drawn by two Windsor greys the King arrived on the Horse Guards Parade for the ceremony of Trooping the Colour on his official birthday. It was a cloudless, glittering morning. His Majesty is Colonel-in-Chief The Coldstream Guards, whose Colour was trooped to mark the 300th anniversary of the regiment's foundation. Behind him rode the Duke of Gloucester, Colonel, The Scots Guards, and a procession of dignitaries included the Duke of Beaufort, Master of the King's Horse, and the Earl of Athlone, Gold Stick in Waiting. The Queen, with Princess Margaret, Queen Mary, Princess Elizabeth and other members of the Royal family watched the historic pageantry from a window above the archway. Returning to the Palace His Majesty received, for the first time at this ceremony, a salute from eighteen Lincolns of Bomber Command, R.A.F.

ROYAL TOURNAMENT—EARLS COURT, 1950.

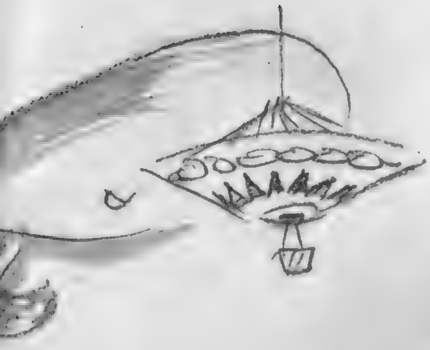
The Queen and Prince Richard, younger son of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, watch the King inspecting the Guard of Honour in the arena below.

Naval signalman, waiting to hoist the Royal Standard aloft, surveys the R.A.F.'s balloon and parachute exhibits.

Women's Royal Air Force drum major twirls a baton with composure and considerable dexterity . . . .

while the Royal Navy twirl half a ton of gun barrel with equal aplomb. ("Come on, Nobby, we aint got all night!")

Specially drawn for "The Sketch" by Francis Marshall.



Sailor: "Blimey! If I'd joined the Army I'd a got me drums carried for me."

...nament is complete without a musical drive ... Royal Horse Artillery, so here it is.

Strap-hanging—by the Navy and the R.A.F Transport Command.

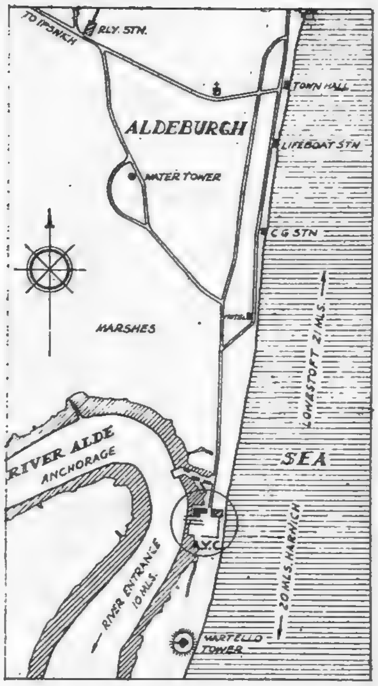
"Gordon Cavalry"—a reply to over-mechanised warfare. The horses and their riders move as one.

ENCHANTMENT IN CAMERA

Photographed by FRED DANIELS.

EXTRACTS
from the log of the
ALDEBURGH YACHT CLUB

A view of the Clubhouse from the river, showing boat-store and slipway.



ALDEBURGH

YACHT CLUB.

THE Aldeburgh Yacht Club was established in 1897, and is ituated on the River Alde to the outh of the town. Although the ver and sea are separated here nly by a narrow shingle bank, achts bound seaward bave to roceed down river to the ntrance at Orford Haven.

The river is considered one of ie best for sailing on the East oast. There is plenty of water, nd the banks are well defined or at least 12 miles from the ntrance, after which the channel arrows and is marked by beacons o Iken, a further 4 miles up.

Racing started at Whitsun and ontinues until September 16. One-design classes include ragons, Swallows, Garelochs, Vhitewings, Alde 15-footers, and apwing and Redwing dinghies. he latter are entirely raced by unior members. Bigger yachts ail under handicap. During last eason the number of starts was 062.

The Annual Regatta takes place om August 29 to September 1, nd this year the Royal Dragon *luebottle* is expected to race at ldeburgh. The event follows ie Edinburgh Trophy races at owestoft, where several Alde-urgh Dragons are likely to ompete.

Though the number of yachts the cruising section is small, it s steadily increasing, and last eason several of the Aldeburgh hips called at French, Belgian and Dutch ports.

Membership—just over 350—ncludes a good proportion of uniors.

S. C. T. Gooding

on. Assistant Secretary

Garelochs close-hauled in a fresh breeze for the elbow mark. This class, originally produced on the Clyde, was raced on the Gare Loch.

Officers, flag and otherwise (l. to r.): Rear-Cdre. Col. E. A. Forestier-Walker; Lady Eddis, Cdre. Tom Riggs; Asst. Hon. Sec. Mr. S. C. T. Gooding.

Eleven starters in the Lapwing Dinghy class. This class has alternative rig with reduced sail area for junior members only.

Old Stagers

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE (Aldwych).
Betty-Ann Davies presents to us the last stage of an unhappy creature's decline and fall in a New Orleans slum.

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY (Duchess).
Wynyard Browne's Christmas gathering in a Norfolk vicarage is the best domestic play in London.

MR. GILLIE (Garrick).
James Bridie (author) and Alastair Sim (actor) in partnership again.

RING ROUND THE MOON (Globe).
A charade, taken from the French by Christopher Fry, and produced expertly by Peter Brook.

THE HEIRESS (Haymarket).
Godfrey Tearle and Wendy Hiller in the period-piece based on Henry James's *Washington Square*.

BRIGADOON (His Majesty's).
Here is the Scots village that comes to life on only one day in a century.

THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM (Lyric).
Another year's run. John Clements and Kay Hammond stroke along Farquhar's late Restoration comedy.

THE COCKTAIL PARTY (New).
Mr. Eliot's homily in verse, which is the talking-point of the summer season.

KING'S RHAPSODY (Palace).
Ivor Novello is the King, and Vanessa Lee his Queen, in Novello's Ruritanian "musical."

THE WAY THINGS GO (Phoenix).
The Lonsdale way is gilded as usual with epigrams.

HIS EXCELLENCY (Princes).
Eric Portman shows how an ex-docker can govern a Mediterranean island.

TOUCH AND GO (Prince of Wales).
A buoyant Anglo-American revue.

VENUS OBSERVED (St. James's).
A dance of words with which Sir Laurence Olivier has opened his St. James's season, and Christopher Fry has increased his fame.

TREASURE HUNT (St. Martin's).
Dame Sybil Thorndike beams from a sedan-chair upon an Irish romp.

CASTLE IN THE AIR (Savoy).
Alan Melville has Jack Buchanan and Coral Browne to shoot the pointed arrows of an ingenious light comedy.

OKLAHOMA ! (Stoll).
After three years it is still a Beautiful Mornin' in one of the most famous musical plays of our time.

BACKGROUND (Westminster).
When a divorce is on the way, what happens to the children ? Warren Chetham-Strode answers the question dramatically.

HOME AT SEVEN (Wyndham's).
Sir Ralph Richardson is superb as the ordinary man in extraordinary circumstances who is at the centre of Sherriff's dexterous play.

AT THE THEATRE . . .

★ First Choice ★

"CAROUSEL"

(*Drury Lane*)

CAROUSEL in America is what we call a merry-go-round in Britain, and one of the first things visible when the great curtain of Drury Lane is lifted is a fair-ground carousel spinning somewhere on the New England coast in a May evening of 1873. Its "barker" is that roughly good-natured, hot-blooded tough who came to the stage originally in Ferenc Molnar's Hungarian play, *Liliom*. Those who remember *Liliom* will not be surprised by the odd tale of *Carousel* in which, at the end of the second scene of Act Two, the leading man is dead. Never mind. As presented by Stephen Douglass, a baritone of fine voice and appearance, this Billy Bigelow makes himself felt (Up There and Down Here) until the last moment of the evening. At the end of the première, although Drury Lane resounded with applause, it was hardly cheering of the *Oklahoma !* rapture. We cannot escape from comparison, so let it be said at once that *Carousel* is not another *Oklahoma !*—that kind of night comes very rarely indeed.

Comparisons aside, the new piece is often extremely good. Oscar Hammerstein's book suffices (its closing scenes are dangerously sentimental, near-maudlin, but we can take them); Richard Rodgers's music, invariably happy, breaks into such enlivening exuberance as "June Is Bustin' Out All Over"; much of the acting and singing is delightful; and the dancing is of Oklahoman class. After the ballet in the last act the house rose at the barefooted Bambi Linn. She deserved all the cheers: here is one of the excitements of *Carousel*.

The main difference between *Oklahoma !* and *Carousel* is that while, in the first, one never realised the passage of time, in the second, attention can stray. But in its concerted scenes the company has the old Oklahoman splendours. Honour to Jerome Whyte, who has supervised the reproduction, and to the choreography of Agnes de Mille. Personally, I shall remember the animation of the mimed prelude in the Amusement Park; the little song, "You 're a queer one, Julie Jordan"; the melodies of "If I Loved You" and "Mr. Snow"; the gentleness of Iva Withers, the wide-eyed flash of Margot Moser, the glorious "attack" of Marion Ross, and the strong, straight performance of the British actress, Marjorie Mars. I warn you that you may miss the freshening wind of *Oklahoma !* But at least two-thirds of *Carousel* has the Drury Lane manner, and I shall be astonished if June is not still Bustin' Out All Over many months from now.

Stephen Douglass as Billy Bigelow

Iva Withers as Julie Jordan

Morgan Davies as Jigger

. . with J. C. TREWIN

Marion Ross as Nettie Fowler

Marjorie Mars as Mrs Mullin

Eric Mattson as Enoch Snow

Margot Moser as Carrie

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING"

(Stratford-upon-Avon)

SOME of us wished last year, when John Gielgud produced *Much Ado* at Stratford, that he had been able to play Benedick himself. Here now he is, and with Peggy Ashcroft's Beatrice as his opponent in the Merry War. What could well be better? Since the night of Tearle's Othello in 1948, I have not heard comparable cheering in the Memorial Theatre. Gielgud, in particular, despatches every shaft of Benedick straight to the gold. It is a performance of unfailing style and wit—wit, that is, in the projection of the lines, in gesture and attitude: he is a much more supple actor than he was. He may not be wholly Shakespeare's creation—whom I imagine to be a bluffer fellow than this—but he is always the right companion for Miss Ashcroft's Beatrice. She begins quietly and then lets Beatrice flower in the most unaffected manner. I am tired of those too-measured Beatrices who seem to come from the Restoration instead of the Renaissance. Peggy Ashcroft is refreshingly natural and true. Much in the revival is better than last year. Thus we have a sound Claudio in Eric Lander, an excellent Leonato (Andrew Cruickshank), and a stinging-sinister Don John (Alan Badel). Leon Quartermaine is now on velvet as Don Pedro. Dogberry, in my view, is still the failing. That rich comedian, George Rose, over-wheezes, over-fools. Dogberry is a monumental ass; but Mr. Rose topples him over.

★

"THE FAMILY HONOUR"

(New Lindsey)

ONCE upon a time—1829, if you must be exact—there were four Irish brothers. They were wild fellows, and they lived in a remote country house managed by their sister Honor. For financial reasons they urgently desired Honor's marriage. Hence their effort to get her entangled with a young Englishman who came by chance to spend the night. Their ruse was charmingly child-like. That, indeed, is the word for the entire structure of Laurence Housman's comedy. The piece lasts too long. By the beginning of the third act we are anxious to reach the inevitable proposal: Honor, we have guessed from the first, must surely receive it whatever her brothers attempt. Most of the cast will live happily ever after. I am not saying that the New Lindsey evening is dull: Mr. Housman has a continuous gentle humour. But his piece does meander where it should romp—this, too, although the cast is lively enough, and Joan Maude is an actress to adorn any scene.

Next Stage

THE stage of the London Coliseum, uncommonly versatile in its time, is now to appear as the deck of an American cargo ship. The play, due on July 19, in a Tennent production, is *Mister Roberts*, which Thomas Heggen and Joshua Logan have based upon Heggen's novel. Tyrone Power will be Mister Roberts, cargo officer of the AK 601, an American Navy vessel which, so we gather, has delivered more toothpaste and toilet requisites to the Navy in the Pacific than any other cargo ship. The job is monotonous, the crew disgruntled, and the skipper a tyrant. It sounds like an unusual set-up for a play.

FULL SONG.

The Palladium is warming up for Frank Sinatra's first personal appearance in England. This will be on July 10. During the ensuing fortnight the police might think about crush barriers in Argyll Street. Writers on sport may be comforted to know that there is hope for them yet, if they persevere: Sinatra began as a sports reporter on his local journal, the *Hoboken Observer*.

CHANGING THE GUARD.

They are changing the guard at the Whitehall. After nearly five years and 1800 performances or so, *Worm's Eye View* is moving to the Comedy Theatre on June 26, and making room at the Whitehall for a farce (June 28) called *The Dish Ran Away . . .*, by Graham Fraser. Betty Paul has here her first part in the straight theatre. Frank Leighton, Emma Treckman and Winifred Evans are in a cast which Leslie French is directing for Jack de Leon and Jack Livesey. (This joint management is a new one.) The top of Whitehall will seem strange without the *Worm*.

FOR COLLECTORS.

Paul Scofield's Pericles was one of the best things in his three Stratford-upon-Avon Festivals. Now, I am told, he is to act the part again—this time with the first act which was cut at Stratford—in a production of the rarity by the Under Thirty Group (Rudolf Steiner, July 2 and July 9). John Harrison is a young producer of fine promise. His wife Daphne Slater, who was Marina at Stratford, is to double the parts of Thaisa (mother) and Marina (daughter). *Pericles*, with Beatrix Lehmann and Peter Bull also in the company, should be an exciting Levantine adventure for a Sunday night.

GETTING AROUND.

Captain Carvallo replaces *Venus Observed* (which ends on August 5) at the St. James's on August 9 . . . Hugh Williams is taking Robert Flemyng's place in the New York production of *The Cocktail Party*. . . . The Scots actor, Duncan Macrae, is to have the leading male part in Eric Linklater's new play, *The Atom Doctor*, at the Edinburgh Festival.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

CHARLIE HART . . . Born 1866 . . . and still running strong.

TOUGH and vital as another famous figure, 84-year-old Charlie Hart, well-known long-distance runner, accepted a challenge to race a four-in-hand the 15 miles from Windsor to Twickenham. In the picture the "broth of a boy" was having a practice run beforehand.

GORDON PILBROW, for bringing the Paris of the boulevards to one of London's bombed sites.

IT was Olympic athlete Gordon Pilbrow who had the idea of making this open-air restaurant, after a visit to Paris. A bombed site behind the Old Bailey is now transformed into something of beauty and pleasure. Let's hope for more.

MRS. ALAN KEARN, for being a doctor's wife, a mother—and a talented painter.

APART from her many duties as the wife of a busy doctor and the mother of a young son (seen with her in the above picture), Mrs. Alan Kearn finds time to devote to her hobby of painting, and critics have highly praised recently exhibited examples of her work.

THE RESIDENTS OF COBHAM, KENT, for recapturing the spirit of Dingley Dell.

HERE is a truly Dickensian scene staged in Cobham, Kent, with faultless realism. To celebrate its centenary, and the opening of new playing fields, the Cobham Sports and Cricket Club, whiskered, top-hatted, and dressed in gay-coloured style of 1850, played a cricket match against their ancient rivals, the Cricket Club of Blue Bell Hill.

. . . AND WE APPLAUD

MR. HOWARD W. PAGE,

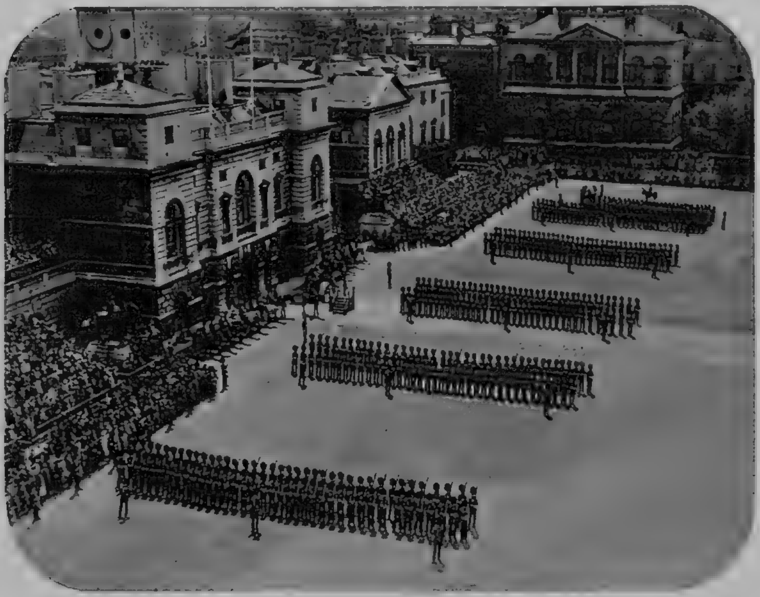
For the masterly plan which derationed Britain's petrol.

A BREATH of freedom swept along Britain's roads when the result of American Mr. Page's plan came to fruition. Cars, new and old, with full tanks, emerged gaily to take the air in the finest weather in months. He conceived the idea in January last, and after extensive research into the possibilities of using sterling receipts for purchasing equipment in the U.K., submitted his plan to the Government on May 8. It was finally accepted on May 28. Forty-three-year-old Mr. Page, a director of the Anglo-American Oil Company, is resident representative over here of the Standard Oil Company, N.J. He was born in Berkeley, Cal., graduated from Stamford University and Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

For the first time in The Sketch's history we publish on our "Hats Off" Page (opposite, top right) a picture which has no foundation in fact, but an interest in fiction, for the opposite page has a real part in a film called Cage of Gold, now in production at Ealing. In the film a man (David Farrar) spots this picture of his wife (Jean Simmons) and child in a copy of The Sketch. What happens then we shall see when the film comes out this autumn. We are explaining this here as we promised to keep the opposite page clear for the camera.

One of the reasons why our domestic routine was upset recently—Shirley Ann Munt (aged two), youngest competitor in the Richmond Royal Horse Show. The black gelding "Tick" is twice her age.

In a studio replica of the Cambridge Union, President Norman St. John-Stevas rises to announce the light-hearted subject for debate with Birmingham University—"That this house wishes it had a television set."



On June 8, TV's Outside Broadcasts Department gave viewers an intimate yet comprehensive impression of the historic ceremony of Trooping the Colour.

"Sorry about the bad language interrupting our programme, but take a look at our technician's thumb."

TELEVISION

by CYRIL BUTCHER

ONE day, when there are fewer important broadcasts to review, we hope to tell the story of the late J. L. Baird's work on television. But it will take space and a patient forbearance with technicalities. Meanwhile, through the courtesy of J. D. Percy, director of the company that still lives in the shadow of the great man's name, Baird Television, we were able to get a glimpse into the not-too-distant future.

Colour television, of course, is the chief subject which excites the enthusiast's imagination. In fact, quite a few people are holding back from buying a set in the belief that in a year or so the present ones will be so improved upon as to render them obsolete, and that colour will be one of the more immediate revolutions. Those who think that way may set their minds at rest. The industry is not unalive to the fact that it would make itself most unpopular if it were to put the vast viewing public to great expense, merely for the sake of some technical innovation or some new gadget.

It may seem ungracious to suggest that colour in television is only a gadget. But is it so very much more? After all, it is on its entertainment value that a Technicolor film is judged and not on the prettiness of its pictures. Equally, the promoters of colour television are aware that its novelty will not stand up to competition with practical and financial inconvenience on the part of the viewer. If it is to be a practical proposition it must be able to infiltrate gradually, with no interruption of the ordinary black-and-white service.

From the laboratory point of view, colour television has, for some years, held few mysteries. As long as twelve years ago, Baird was able to demonstrate successfully a system of large-screen colour transmission and reception. But this involved the use of several mechanical devices, including a large scanning wheel composed of red, green and blue filter segments. These, with their driving mechanisms, made the receiver a rather large and bulky instrument—far too large and bulky to be acceptable for home viewing. That has always been one of the main snags.

But these two major problems have been solved—electronically, not mechanically. The result means no moving parts to go wrong and no undue weight to be lifted. Mr. Percy made a graceful gesture in handing the credit to the Americans and to the R.C.A. Company in particular. He told us that this company has produced a cathode-ray tube giving pictures of almost perfect colour reproduction and good definition, which will perform its function from a transmission giving equally good results to a black-and-white tube. So colour television is on the way. At the moment—like

Just two little amorous butterflies who can't make up their minds. Shelley Lynn and Richard Bebb, in Michael Barry's production of *The Insect Play*, masquerade with antennæ and wings.

Twelve Thousand, by Bruno Frank, was a poor play, but gave a brilliant cast an opportunity for some red-blooded acting. Here are Lydia Sherwood and Henry Oscar hard at it.

all new developments—production is by hand, slow and expensive. But it is hoped, in America, to produce colour sets at about 25 to 50 per cent. above the cost of the present black-and-white ones.

We were shown yet another development, in the Baird Television works. That was a modification, for home use, of the system we briefly described when discussing our impression of the large-screen demonstration at the Odeon, Penge, some weeks ago. It is called a "Projection Receiver." That means, instead of getting your picture direct from the cathode-ray tube, as on the average set, you see it on a flat screen—about the size of *The Sketch* opened out. This is achieved via a tiny cathode-ray tube 2½ ins. in diameter, working at 25,000 volts, which produces the picture through a Schmidt optical system (a curved mirror and a magnifying lens). The result was certainly impressive; the brightness and definition left little to be desired. But—and here we are probably being hypercritical—did not the flat screen, as opposed to the more usual curved one, take something away from the intimacy of television? It is too early to say yet. By the way, this model is not yet being marketed by Baird.

However, we must return to our critical muttons.

BY far the most important production of the period was *The Insect Play* by the brothers Capek. Written in the 1920's, as a satire of modern life, it still gives one a feeling that everything is perfectly hideous with the world. But, like most clever-clever plays of its type, it gives no practical hint of how we should do better for ourselves. Even a television critic knows how easy it is to pull a faulty thing to pieces, and how not-so-easy it is to indicate a way in which those pieces could be assembled in an improved shape. Still, this play gives wide scope to the producer and a great deal of fun to the large cast. Of the former, Michael Barry was at his brilliant best, and among the actors we must mention a fine character study by Bernard Miles, as the drunken tramp, who is a commentator of the insect world he sees, as it were, through an allegorical magnifying-glass. Among the insects themselves, there were a couple of deliciously tiresome butterflies, by Shelley Lynn and Richard Bebb; also a heart-winning philosophical snail by Gretchen Franklin.

Also among the plays was a thriller, *Grand National Night*, by Dorothy and Campbell Christie, produced by Fred O'Donovan. Although it maintained its suspense in the most admirable manner, little was done to lift it from its "one-set" stage basis. It only ranked as a memorable occasion because of the fine performances of the two leads, Joyce Heron and John Byron.

Bruno Frank's *Twelve Thousand* was also a laurel-earning occasion for the actors, although the play itself wasn't much. A dissolute reigning prince (Henry Oscar) attempts to sell twelve thousand of his peasants as mercenaries to help the English in the American revolution, in order to pay for the extravagances of his mistress (Lydia Sherwood).

Also we enjoyed the invasion—complete with furniture—of the Cambridge Union Society for an inter-university debate with the Birmingham Guild of Undergraduates. It seems we have some very promising orators on the way up.

NOW, when we come to the performance of Schumann's Piano Concerto, we must really register a most energetic protest. We have already said once that this sort of thing is best left to sound; we say it again. But if it is to be done, let it at least be done with taste and dignity. Must we have the conductor and soloist greeting each other by their Christian names? Must we then have a dissertation on the work to be performed—at roughly kindergarten level? Must we—horror of horrors—be treated to the sight of the piano, complete with soloist, sliding about the studio floor in the middle of the performance? Must we, finally, have a sound balance which makes the orchestra practically inaudible? The solo part was played with scholastic accuracy by Sidney Harrison (though he was a little rough in the last movement), and Eric Robinson conducted what sounded like an augmented Palm Court Orchestra.

Several lady readers have asked us to look at the afternoon programme "Designed for Women." We did—and good advice it was. Congratulations to Jeanne Heal and S. E. Reynolds for a crisp, well-balanced and interesting feature.

With summer "i' cumen in," O.B.s are busier than ever, and becoming almost monotonously efficient. We follow them from place to place, with the utmost enjoyment, derived from events which had never previously figured among our interests. It was great fun to mingle with Richard Dimbleby, Brian Johnston and Barrie Edgar among the crowds at the Southend Kursaal on Whit Monday. Trooping the Colour was a really impressive record of that impressive ceremony, with a splendid commentary by Lieut.-Colonel Henry Green. And for three evenings in succession we went without dinner rather than miss following the fortunes of the competitors in the Richmond Royal Horse Show.

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE

John Byron, not only for his sensitive performance in "Grand National Night," but also for being the most versatile of all TV stars. One recalls his brilliant work in *Good Friday* and *The Eve of St. Agnes* with particular pleasure.

"ORPHEUS."—Written and directed by Jean Cocteau, this exciting film tells the classic story of the singer who went down into the shades to regain his wife, Eurydice. Above are Françoise Perier as Hourtebise, Jean Marais as Orpheus, and Maria Casarès as Death.

"STAGE FRIGHT."—A Hitchcock "whodunnit?" which, owing to its talented cast, turns out to be more comedy than thriller. In the picture are Richard Todd, Alastair Sim and Jane Wyman; also starring are Michael Wilding, Marlene Dietrich and Sybil Thorndike.

THE CINEMA

★

REVIEWS . . . by C. A. LEJEUNE

"ORPHEUS"

Jean Cocteau's *Orpheus* is the most exciting film to hit London for seasons. I am not sure that it is not the most exciting film I have ever seen. I don't profess to understand all of it, nor do I believe the author himself understood all of it, in the accepted meaning of understanding. He admits candidly, "When I make a film, it is a form of sleep, and I dream: then count only the people of the dream, and the places. It is difficult for me to make contact with others." This is obvious from the baffled faces of the people who came away from seeing *Orpheus*; but in the excitement of their later discussion, their ardour, their wrath, their mystification, their furious argument, it is clear that some sort of contact has been made.

Orpheus has taken the classical story of the singer who went down into the shades to bring back his wife, Eurydice, and given it a modern French mystic's twist. This Orpheus, a poet of to-day, is conspicuously less interested in his wife, a nice, ordinary little woman, than in the embraces of a beautiful female Death, who is waiting for him somewhere in limbo. It is Cocteau's theory—clearly discernible in *The Eagle Has Two Heads*—that everyone has a special Death, assigned to him like a guardian angel, from the day of his birth. He does not have his characters say, "You are Death," but "You are *my* Death."

A film of this kind cannot be reviewed from the point of view of content. It is obviously packed with content, full to spilling point, but the value or worthlessness of the content is something that everybody must settle with his own soul. On its qualities as film, however, I do feel entitled to speak. *Orpheus* is magnificent cinema. Very rarely do we see the camera used to such purpose; all the tricks of slow motion, double exposure and background projection so triumphantly employed. The film—although based on an original Cocteau play—was specifically created for the medium, and the author-director never forgets for one moment that his full communication with the audience must depend on the technicalities of cinema.

For these dreamlike impressions, the dream-like quality of the cinema is ideally suited; and you are left with the impression of something written in terms of wavering visual reflection, like an image seen in a pool, which could have had no other proper medium. The players, Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and the rest, are not required so much to act—who can act Death? who can act Orpheus?—as to stand for symbolic figures, and they do what is required of them with discipline and grace.

"STAGE FRIGHT"

The new Hitchcock film, *Stage Fright*, begins with a picture of a safety curtain behind the credit titles. Lest the customers surmise this to be no more than a haphazard device, intended to confirm the suggestion of the title, that the story is concerned with theatre folk, I hasten to tell them that the safety curtain means more to the film than meets the eye. They will learn what it does mean in the grisly finish.

Stage Fright, of course, is a thriller. That is to say, it was originally meant to be a thriller. A man is murdered with the traditional blunt instrument. A blood-stained dress becomes the major clue, and the man's wife, a musical-comedy star, is planted as the leading suspect. The hunt takes place on the stage and behind the scenes of a London theatre, in the rehearsal rooms at R.A.D.A., and at the Theatrical Garden Party. A young R.A.D.A. student, who has fallen in love with the detective in charge of the case, is the busiest hunter.

Hitchcock has decorated this plot with one or two of his more macabre touches; but, on the whole, *Stage Fright* will be remembered not so much as a thriller, as a comedy.

This effect, I feel sure, was not the director's primary intention, but has come about as a result of the casting. The talented company of players he has gathered round him have tended to run away with the film under the director's nose, and they run away with it by making people laugh uproariously. Alastair Sim, as a retired commodore who fancies himself as an amateur sleuth; Miles Malleson, as a bibulous gentleman in a pub; and Joyce Grenfell, inviting everyone to "Come and shoot a lovely duck!" at the Theatrical Garden Party, are the greatest joys. But Michael Wilding, as the man from Scotland Yard, has a delightfully light-hearted way of doing his job: Sybil Thorndike, as the heroine's vague mother, is superb: and Kay Walsh, rapidly becoming one of the cleverest of our younger screen actresses, gives a savagely funny sketch of a dresser who talks too much. Nor must one underrate Marlene Dietrich, who plays the musical comedy, as a comic. Her dead-pan irony, her deliberately faded lustre, is always tilted laughter-ways. Hers is a funny way of being funny, but funny she intends to be, and funny she is.

In this gathering of accomplished humorists, it falls to the lot of Richard Todd and Jane Wyman to keep the dramatic interest going. Mr. Todd is unhappily fitted with a "heavy" rôle, and rather apt to make the audience titter when he doesn't mean to. But Miss Wyman is completely successful. She really is a darling. Her breathless little girl from R.A.D.A. is a live person, with an artlessness only suggestible by an actress who knows a lot about her art.

FILMS IN BRIEF

"IN THE NAME OF THE LAW."—A beautifully acted and highly exciting Italian film about the relations between the Mafia and the official police in a small Sicilian township. Very highly recommended.

"SO LONG AT THE FAIR."—British version of the classic case, familiar to all mystery-story readers, of the individual who vanished from a Paris hotel during the Great Exhibition of 1889. Jean Simmons, as the forlorn English Miss looking for her lost brother, is enchanting; and the film, though taken a bit too slowly, holds interest with the strong grip of a good story.

"THE BLACK HAND."—A violent, but forcefully developed American piece about the activities of the Mafia in the Italian quarter of New York, early in the present century. Ugly and noisy incident, but fine performances from J. Carrol Naish and Gene Kelly.

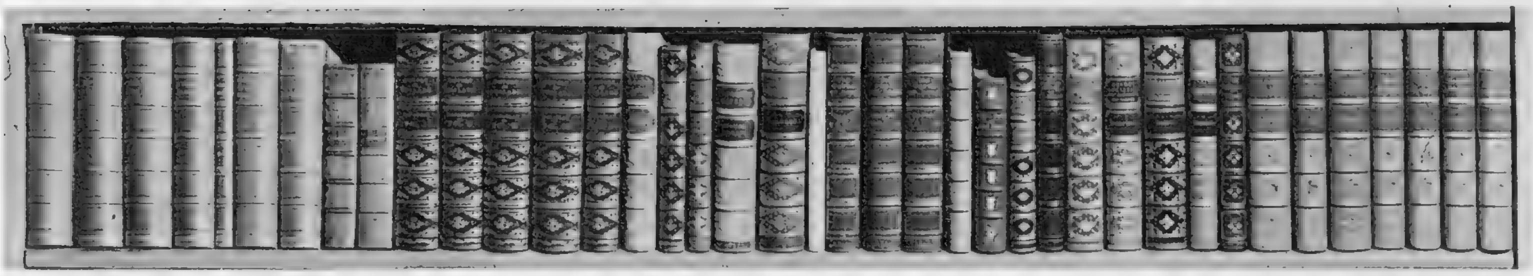
"DEPORTED"—American. More Italian trouble, this time from an American gangster of Latin birth, who is deported to his own country, and promptly cheats the little town that welcomes his homecoming, by arranging a large-scale robbery of American food-parcels. Largely shot in Italy, with Italian cast, it manages to create a *nearly* authentic atmosphere, and the detective of brilliant young French actor Claude Dauphin is quite first-class.

"THE KEY TO THE CITY"—American. Clark Gable and Loretta Young, wonderfully fresh considering, in a desperately hard-working comedy about municipal politics that will try anything to get a laugh, and does get several.

. . . AND PREVIEWS

(Right.) In her latest film, *September Affair*, Joan Fontaine plays the rôle of a young concert pianist who falls in love with a successful American engineer, played by Joseph Cotten. It is a romantic love-story, set in Italy, with music prominently featured in it. Due to be seen in London sometime this summer.

(Below.) Eric Portman takes the part of Colonel Youssef Bey, head of the Egyptian Anti-Narcotics Bureau, in his new film, *Cairo Road*. The story is about the activities of the bureau in their efforts to round up a gang of drug traffickers. Eric Portman is seen (left) with twenty-one-year-old Laurence Harvey, who plays the part of his assistant, Lieutenant Mourad. Recently completed, the film has been made partly on location in Egypt and partly at Welwyn Studios.



OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

SHADY CLOISTER.
By Winifred Lear.
(*Macmillan ; 9s. 6d.*)

IT is difficult to say what this novel is about without using such putting-off phrases as "life in a girls' school," "common-room jealousies" and "interludes in Bloomsbury." It has all these things and others which, listed on paper, sound scarcely more attractive, like a hysterical schoolgirl writing love-letters to her English mistress, and a sordid young poet who talks exclusively about his ego. And yet it is not only one of the most readable and human novels of recent years, but one of the most intelligent. Miss Lear makes me, for one, feel positively uncomfortable by her diabolically shrewd observation of popular frailties and pretensions, her merciless exposure of even the mildest sham. And yet this is not a barbed or a bitter book ; it is good-natured and sometimes even cosy, giving you a nice warm sympathy for its heroine and some genuine pity for its less lovable characters.

Its theme, I suppose, must be described as the winter term at a girls' school in South London as experienced by a young assistant mistress, Linnet Reilly. The common-room characters are etched in acid, the girls outlined in dry-point. There is one portrait which is almost unbearably truthful : that of Ethel Bonner, a schoolmistress on the verge of middle age who uses the girlish slang of two decades ago, earnestly gives little presents and exacts the most torturing gratitude from their recipients, invites victims into her room for conspiratorial little chats, and tells them that they are the ones chosen for her confidences, and, finally, creates quarrels and situations in which she can suffer a sniffy martyrdom. Linnet's grotesquely egotistical boy-friend can be met any evening at any one of half-a-dozen pubs in the region of Tottenham Court Road, still explaining his "reactions," the "motivating force in his make-up," and "the spirit-feeling in carnality," while in the day-time he works, as Arnold Cannon in this book does, at "Rangitata's bookshop" and is "exercised quite fundamentally" in deciding whether in future he should write poetry or drama. I am left with the feeling that Miss Lear has no right to know so much about so many people. It isn't fair. Besides, what will her next book be about ?

★

THE HIDDEN ROCKS.
By B. Montagu Scott. (*Hutchinson ; 9s. 6d.*)

HERE, too, are outward deterrents which at first seem almost insuperable. Miss Scott is a sincere and lively storyteller, but she has an awkward, polysyllabic style and her pages are freckled with rows of three dots. Three distinct lines from one half-page, for instance, read as follows :

"But . . . what else ?"
"Dear God . . . what else ?"
"But who . . . and where . . . and how ?"

Also, one comes on such tortuous meandering as this : "His observance of his mother's usual unfairness in the matter of jam, together with the recognition of the complete ineffectuality of contesting it, was this evening a little overlaid by the fact that a continued preoccupation in her grim melancholy was also not lost upon him," the meaning of which could be expressed in a dozen Anglo-Saxon words. Yet persistence here will be, for a great number of readers, well repaid. Once into her story and among its crude and suffering characters in a drama of industrial depression, Miss Scott knows exactly what she is doing. Mother, father, three sons and daughter in a Jarrow working-class family are all excellently drawn, and the grim exactions of life during a slump are made infectiously real. There is one harsh little love-affair which I found quite convincing, after which we escape to a curiously touching last act in London and a short epilogue back in Jarrow. The dialogue of both Northerners and Southerners is particularly well done.

Books in Brief

MR. MIDSHIPMAN HORNBLOWER.
By C. S. Forester. (*Michael Joseph ; 9s. 6d.*)

A gap is filled in the interminable life-story of Horatio Hornblower, and his faithful followers may now learn the story of his early days in the Navy, told with all the traditional gusto and bluffness.

EVERYBODY ALWAYS TELLS.
By E. R. Punshon. (*Gollancz ; 9s.*)

Bobby Owen on the scent again. Never a dull moment.

THE FREEBOOTERS.
By Robert Wernick. (*Cresset Press ; 9s. 6d.*)

In a well-meaning blurb, the publishers promise us "life turned upside down where brawls, black market, rape, getting drunk, spending money, queues at the *Paniers Fleuris*, intrigue and summary justice are the everyday stuff of existence." The book nearly lives up to this abundant menu.

THE ALABASTER CUP.
By F. Tennyson Jesse. (*Evans ; 8s. 6d.*)

Childhood-and-upwards story of a girl christened Genefer de Lisle (unhappily called by the author Ginnie and by the publishers Ginny), and of a delightful old character nick-named Nare.

MURDERING MR. VELFRAGE.
By Roy Vickers. (*Faber ; 9s. 6d.*)

A disappointing detective story which stops at nothing—world-famous gems, disguises, disappearances and black-outs by characters whose evidence otherwise would have solved the crime. Mr. Roy Vickers, who wrote that excellent collection of detective short stories *Department of Dead Ends*, seems to me to have slipped up badly here.

ON A DARKLING PLAIN.
By Phoebe Fenwick Gaye. (*Cape ; 12s. 6d.*)

Last in this author's trilogy of novels about the Vandervoord family, of which *The French Prisoner* and *Louisa Vandervoord* were already published. This brings the history down to 1900.

HAPLY I MAY REMEMBER.
By Cynthia Asquith.
(*Barrie ; 15s.*)

THIS book of memoirs opens with an anonymous letter to the author persuading her to write her autobiography and providing a number of excellent tags for later reference. It is followed by Lady Cynthia Asquith's reply, an embarrassing affair which discusses all her objections to the scheme with the wavering coyness of a schoolgirl pulling daisy petals. Shall she write it or shan't she ? Is she not "too inhibited" to "write revealingly" of herself ? She has met "good talkers" and "interesting people," but the only people she ever sees in distinct outline are "the merest passers-by." Her "chief objection to the whole project" is that it means turning her face towards the past. And then there are the "sanctities," the difficulties of sacrificing reticence, and so on. However, all these obstacles were apparently surmounted in the end, for there follow some proficient snapshots of life at the author's three early homes, Stanway, Clouds and Gosford, enlivened by memories of H. G. Wells, eccentric villagers, Sir Oliver Lodge, George Wyndham and S Evan Charteris. Thence to a chapter of painters, to most of whom the author has sat, including Burne-Jones, G. F. Watts, Sargent—"large virile, plethoric, with protruding eyes and a so of over-boiled, throttled look"—Professor Henr Tonks, Ambrose McEvoy, Augustus John, an Rex Whistler. "First Memories" with Shetland pony, an "almighty, vigilantly pro-tective but by no means always kind being calle Nannie," end with the death of a younge brother, and there are "Early Londo Memories" with a Fraulein, cries of Swe Lavender, first sight of Royalty, Martin Harve as Sidney Carton, and Irving in *The Bell* There is a chapter called "Bread-winning, which describes with modesty and good humo Lady Cynthia's literary career, and, finally, some recollections of school days. The addic to this sort of literature will doubtless find muc to interest him here. I was less lucky.

★

THE LONG ESCAPE.
By David Dodge. (*Michael Joseph ; 8s. 6d.*)

HERE, if you like this sort of thing, are th goods. And by this sort of thing, I mean, of course, the breathless rather than the logica thriller ; the chase rather than the investigation ; danger and pursuit rather than clues and deduction. Al Colby, a free-lance investigator who is as much at home in the bars of one country as in the cafés of another, receives a letter in Mexico City from a lawyer in Los Angeles, telling him to get evidence about a Mr. Parker of Southern California, who disappeared from Pasadena five years ago. Al traces the old car number, and this takes him indirectly to La Ceiba, on the Caribbean coast, to Puerto Barrios, Guatemala's main Atlantic port, back to Mexico City and down to Santiago in Chile, where he meets a refreshing if improbable family, so aristocratic that they wouldn't "talk to the Cabots and the Lodges if they came all the way from Boston to leave calling cards." Al is shot at and narrowly missed, and there is some business with a family mausoleum, a couple of breezy love-affairs and a successful conclusion to the case. Mr. Dodge knows his prescription in terms of percentages of crime, sex, suspense, violence and sentiment.

MISS PAULINE JOHNSON IN

Satin Striped Taffeta . . .

Roecliff & Chapman

WHOLESALE COUTURIERS 19 GROSVENOR STREET · W.1

SUMMER BLACK

by Elizabeth Penrose

NO longer is black confined to 'the little black dress.' This summer it puts plashy prints and anæmic colours in the shade and is worn in every fabric and on every occasion. It 's as right on the beach as it is for dressed-up occasions, accented with crisp white accessories, or topped with a wide cartwheel worn very straight.

Here we show dresses in a variety of fabrics—wonderful new nylons, beloved for their crispness and crease-resistance ; stiff taffetas and piqués ; a whole new crop of sheers from organdie down to the frailest needle-run net ; feather-weight woollens, and exquisite wool laces.

Below : Tiers of frilled organdie over rustling taffeta, an outsize taffeta bow on one hip, a little tiered shoulder cape to match. Lady in Black cocktail dress ; about 17½ guineas from Fenwick ; Kendal Milne, Manchester.

Above : Filmy black nylon floats over a slim underskirt of taffeta ; patent leather hugs the waist. An afternoon dress by Joy Ricardo.

Below : Black piqué to do duty in town or on beach. Simple button-through style, with cap sleeves, no collar, and a bolero to cover up. Susan Small ; about 10 guineas from The Young Liberty Shop.

Above: Black "Tampico" is the new material (resembling grosgrain) used for Frederick Starke's afternoon dress. Enormous puffed and pleated organdie sleeves are of dazzling white.

Above: Finest of black face cloth for the skirt, all wool lace for the bodice of Arthur Bank's romantic ball gown. The "Winterhalter" neckline has pink organdie frilling and roses.

Far left: Black organdie, banded with Broderie Anglaise for a young dress for formal summer evenings. Broderie Anglaise makes the halter neck, ties in a bow at the back. Lady in Black model; 15½ guineas at Rocha of Grafton Street; Griffin and Spalding, Nottingham.

Left: In New York Adele Simpson makes this short black dinner dress—'twenties inspired—in pure silk georgette. A low capelet flounce drapes the back; a generous bow accents the hip.

LITERATURE.—Winifred Lear: For her acidly brilliant novel of a girls' school, *Shady Cloister.*

RADIO.—Alfred Marks, a radio comedian who is really comic: For his performances in "Starlight Hour."

Frederick Laws

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

Selected by our Panel of Experts

SCREEN.—Jean Cocteau, who has written and produced the most provocative film for seasons in the cinema version of his own play *Orpheus.* Like it or hate it, you can't get this thing out of your mind.

STAGE.—Eric Portman: For justifying so profoundly his appointment as Governor (Left Wing) of Salva in *His Excellency* at the Princes Theatre.

Get the *right* Spirit !

the BRANDY that made COGNAC famous

HENNESSY

Grand as a DRINK
Great as a TONIC

H.A. FOX
& CO. LTD.

OFFICIAL RETAILERS OF

ROLLS-ROYCE

& BENTLEY

MOTOR CARS

3-5, BURLINGTON GARDENS, OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.1.
Telephone: REGENT 7687

Picture by courtesy of *The New Yorker*

Before exposing his character *to the fiery testing of golf a man would do well to see he is properly equipped. In fact, he would be all the better for a visit to our Sports Centre. This is about as central a Centre as you could find, being a bare No. 8 shot from Piccadilly Circus. Everything you need for good golf is there—from mental preparation to expert tuition from a leading professional, a natural practice bunker and matched sets of clubs by famous makers.*

Why not stroll down Piccadilly some time and come and see them yourself

Simpson PICCADILLY

. . . the Sportsman's paradise

Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd, 202 Piccadilly, London W.1 Regent 2002

WHAT GOES ON

Our Puppets Select Their List of Coming Events

★ This List went to Press last week, so please check with the Daily Papers.

CUPID

The engagement is announced between:

William Alexander, son of the late Lieut.-Col. A. J. Fife, and of Mrs. Ivor Johnson, of Langton Hall, Northallerton, and June, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Morrison, Grey Close, Yarm.

Bruce Mortimer, son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Sholto Ogilvie, of Ness House, Sizewell, Suffolk, and Lavender Mary, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. W. F. Challinor, of The Upper House, Loosley Row, Princes Risborough, Bucks.

Robin Thomas, son of Colonel and Mrs. T. W. Vigers, of Compton House, Virginia Water, Surrey, and Yvonne Follett, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Frank Follett Holt, of Riffhams, Danbury, Essex, and Mrs. Yvonne du Mont Holt.

Captain David Balfour Riddell-Webster, son of General Sir T. S. and Lady Riddell-Webster, of Lintrose, Coupar Angus, Perthshire, and Christine Barbara, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Noakes, of Hordle, Hampshire.

Major Henry Cockfield Luke Dimsdale, M.C., Welsh Guards, son of the late Rev. H. C. and Mrs. Dimsdale, of Stansted, Essex, and Marigold Avril, daughter of Major and Mrs. G. Cecil Whitaker, of Britwell House, Watlington, Oxon.

Anthony James, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Chambers, of Merriemont, Barnt Green, Worcs, and Elena Tanis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Butler, of Brockencote Hall, Chaddesley Corbett, Worcs.

Captain Jeremy White, The Royal Scots Greys, son of Brig. and Mrs. Christopher White, Brook House, Avening, Glos, and Denise, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John de Lisle, 18, Ormonde Gate, Chelsea.

Timothy Arnold Lincoln, son of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Little, of Leathley Hall, near Otley, Yorks, and June, daughter of Mr. John E. Vincent, and the late Mrs. Vincent, of Lindrick House, Tickhill, Yorks.

The Hon. Nicholas Ridley, son of Viscount and Viscountess Ridley, and the Hon. Clayre Campbell, daughter of Lord and Lady Strathеden and Campbell.

SPORT

RACING

June 23–24.	Doncaster, Hamilton Park, Sandown Park.
,, 26–27.	Brighton.
,, 27–30.	Newmarket.
,, 28–30.	Carlisle.
July 1.	Alexandra Park.
,, 1, 3.	Edinburgh.
,, 4–6.	Salisbury.

GENERAL SPORT

Athletics: Army Individual Championships at Aldershot, June 27–28. Oxford and Cambridge *v.* Princeton and Cornell at White City, July 1.

Car Racing: British Automobile Racing Club's annual Rally on July 1–2 at Eastbourne.

Cricket: England *v.* West Indies at Lord's, June 24 (second Test Match); Surrey *v.* Cambridge U. at The Oval, June 28; M.C.C. *v.* Cambridge U. at Lord's, July 5–6.

Croquet: Croquet Championships at Roehampton Club on July 3.

Golf: Irish Close Amateur Championship at Baltray, June 26; Open Championship at Troon, July 3–7.

Horse Shows: National Hackney Show at Bognor Regis, June 21–24.

Lawn Tennis: All-England Championships at Wimbledon, June 26–July 8.

Rowing: Henley Royal Regatta, July 5–8.

Swimming: England *v.* France at Exmouth, South Devon, June 24.

Yachting: Christchurch Ledge Race at Yarmouth, June 24; The Clyde Fortnight from July 1.

ENTERTAINMENT

STAGE

Favourites

"Oklahoma!"	Stoll.
"Traveller's Joy"	Criterion.
"The Heiress"	Haymarket.
"Harvey"	Piccadilly.
"Brigadoon"	His Majesty's.
"Beaux' Stratagem"	Lyric.
"King's Rhapsody"	Palace.
"Treasure Hunt"	St. Martin's.
"Castle in the Air"	Savoy.
"Worm's Eye View"	Comedy.
"Venus Observed"	St. James's.
"Ring Round the Moon"	Globe.
"Latin Quarter"	Casino.
"Folies Bergère"	Hippodrome.
"The Way Things Go"	Phœnix.
"Mr. Gillie"	Garrick.
"The Holly and the Ivy"	Duchess.
"Home at Seven"	Wyndham's.
"Fallen Angels"	Ambassadors.
"The Cocktail Party"	New.
"His Excellency"	Princes.
"Touch and Go"	Prince of Wales.
"Carousel"	Drury Lane.

Newcomers

"Tartuffe" (Lyric, Hammersmith)—adaptation of Molière's classic for three weeks from June 27.

"The Dish Ran Away" (Whitehall)—a farce by Graham Fraser, with Betty Paul and Frank Leighton. June 28.

Frank Sinatra at the Palladium, July 10–22.

"Rose Marie" on ice at Harringay Arena opens July 13. Tom Arnold's skating spectacle with Barbara Ann Scott and cast of over 200.

"Mister Roberts" (Coliseum)—comedy-drama from U.S.A., with Tyrone Power and Jackie Cooper. July 19.

MUSIC

The Aldeburgh Festival of Music and the Arts at Aldeburgh until June 25.

The Glyndebourne Festival from July 6–23. (Bach Bicentenary Concerts and Mozart Season.)

Cheltenham Festival of British contemporary music from July 3–15.

OPERA

At Covent Garden: The Wagner Season ends on July 1 with the second performance of "Tristan und Isolde."

At Sadler's Wells: The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company give a Gilbert and Sullivan season.

BALLET

At Covent Garden: The Sadler's Wells Ballet Season ends on July 8.

The Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet will give performances at Cheltenham from July 3–8.

International Ballet will give performances at the Grand Opera House, Belfast, from June 26–July 8.

ART

Burlington House: Royal Academy of Arts Summer Exhibition.

Tate Gallery: Exhibition of contemporary Italian painting and sculpture. From June 28.

Victoria and Albert Museum: William and Mary Exhibition.

Guildhall: Accessions to the permanent collection from 1940–1949.

Laurence Irving's recent paintings and drawings, including designs for "Hamlet" (Old Vic, 1950), Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street. Until June 29.

Exhibition of paintings by Lucien Pissarro, Derek Hill, and Didier Bereny at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square.

Paintings by Bonnard at Roland Browse and Delbanco, 19, Cork Street, W.1.

Exhibition of the Society of Women Artists at R.I. Galleries, 195, Piccadilly, W.1. Until June 29.

Paintings by Pietro Annigoni, at the Wildenstein Gallery, 147, New Bond Street.

SOCIAL

A special evening performance of "Carousel" at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on June 23, in aid of the Margaret McMillan Memorial Fund.

The Flower Carnival Ball at the Dorchester on July 3, in aid of Residential Clubs for Elderly Gentlewomen.

A Ball of English and Scottish Dances at the Dorchester on July 6, in aid of the Cecil Sharp House Reconstruction Fund. Princess Margaret has consented to attend.

A Ball at Claridge's on July 6, in aid of the Wandsworth Borough Old People's Homes. Princess Marie Louise has consented to attend.

Miss Vacani's children's Dancing Matinée at the Cambridge Theatre on July 7, in aid of the National Playing Fields Association.

A Ball in the Great Room, Grosvenor House, on July 7, in aid of the N.S.P.C.C.

The Victoria League Ball at the Dorchester on June 27. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, who is president of the League, will attend.

The Blenheim Ball in aid of the Oxfordshire Association of Boys' Clubs, at Blenheim Palace on July 4.

CEREMONY

The King presents a trophy of the 604th County of Middlesex Squadron Auxiliary Air Force in the Quadrangle of Buckingham Palace on June 21. On June 24 he attends the England—West Indies Test match at Lord's. On July 4 he holds an Investiture at Buckingham Palace and afterwards inspects Yeomen of H.M. Bodyguard.

Princess Margaret attends a ball in aid of the British Empire Cancer Campaign at the Dorchester Hotel on June 22.

The Queen attends an At-Home for officers of the R.A.M.C. at Millbank on June 23. On June 24 she attends a garden-party at Cliveden, Bucks, for school teachers from the British Commonwealth and the U.S.A. On July 4 she will lay the foundation-stone of the new St. Columba's Church, Pont Street.

The King and Queen visit Lakenheath R.A.F. station, Suffolk, to inspect units of the 3rd Division of the United States Air Force, on June 26. On June 28 they visit the Royal Norfolk Agricultural Show at Amner.

Princess Elizabeth opens the National Association of Maternity and Child Welfare Conference at Friends' House, Euston Road, on June 28.

"Glad you like this sherry — it's South African

It's extremely good. I got some South African wine the other day . . .

I know. A good wine, but not of this quality.

Precisely, but why the difference ?

Well, this is a truly representative South African wine. You see, though the Cape has been for centuries one of the world's finest wine countries, it couldn't compete in Britain with European countries until Empire wines got a duty preference twenty years ago. That bucked up the South African industry.

But why haven't we tasted such wines before ?

Because really fine wines are achieved by selectivity, experiment and slow maturing. South Africa has done as much in twenty years with some wines as the Continent has in generations.

Only certain wines, then ?

So far. All are good, but not all are fine. The improvement is naturally progressive.

Were South African wines well-known here before the preference twenty years ago ?

Now you're delving into history. They used to be very popular. But in 1860 Mr. Gladstone removed the Colonial Preference and sent the South African wine industry into the wilderness.

Is that likely to happen again ?

I hope not. Imperial Preference has encouraged the South African wine growers to tremendous efforts. The British Government is not likely to lead such an important Empire Industry up the garden again. It wouldn't make sense.

So we can look forward to several kinds of really fine wines from South Africa ?

You certainly can, and very soon, too."

SOUTH AFRICAN WINE FARMERS ASSOCIATION
(LONDON) LIMITED

SAWFA

KIA-ORA's

WHO'S WHO

No. 2

M . . . . | William | George

AGED 7 and a bit. Educated, according to his father, at Saturday morning cinema shows; and, less noticeably, at local day-school. Owner of one mongrel puppy (variegated) and two white mice (confiscated). Judges the success of a birthday party by the number of glasses of Kia-Ora he can consume; fails to understand why anything he enjoys so much should be so whole-heartedly approved by his elders.

KIA-ORA

the most delicious of all fruit drinks

LEMON · ORANGE · GRAPE FRUIT · LIME · LEMON BARLEY

To a man's woman

As a woman you're probably not impressed with such triumphs . . . winner of International trial and speed events. That's for the enthusiast. But you hope he won't buy a car that's built just for speed — you want comfort too.

Well, here's the Javelin. Different from what you'd imagined — much more roomy. Not super sports but family design.

Sit in the passenger's seat. Deep and plenty of room. Soft, lolling arm-rests. She's an intriguing car!

And in the back you can doze a journey away — so comfortable. Your eye flickers over the rich fittings . . . pleased . . . taking it all in.

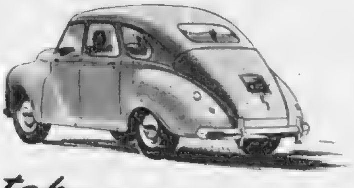
And yet he said this was a high performance car. He talked about acceleration and speeds up to nearly 80 m.p.h. He mentioned the powerful brakes, the torsion bar suspension that cushioned the roughest road, and gripped the corners.

This car is both. His for speed — yours for comfort. Seating up to six — a new form of travel — owning the road she rides.

This car is a waste of money if you don't care what a car does. There's such a lot built into it that doesn't really show until you have it in your hands. Once tried, you'll say 'I'd rather go by Javelin!'

Top speed, electrically timed, 78 m.p.h. Acceleration 0-60 m.p.h. in 22.2 secs. ("The Motor" Road Test). Horizontally opposed flat-four 50 B.H.P. engine. Javelin saloon: £595, plus purchase tax £166.0.7. Javelin saloon de luxe: £695, plus purchase tax £193.16.1.

* *There are over 200 fully qualified Service Agents in Great Britain*



1½ litre JAVELIN

take a good look when it passes you!

JOWETT CARS LIMITED · Idle, Bradford 48 Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, W.1

In sparkling waters—SCHWEPPERVESCENCE

in FRUIT SQUASHES—

Schwepperfection!

There's a quality about Schweppes squashes—a drinquality—you'll notice the moment you try them. The true-to-the-fruit taste of lemon and lime and grapefruit, the sweeter satisfaction of ripe oranges, the refreshing smoothness of lemon barley. **Schwepperfection!**

SCHWEPPES FRUIT SQUASHES . . . **true to the fruit**

LEMON ORANGE LIME GRAPEFRUIT LEMON BARLEY

"Where are you going this summer?"

"Going to my favourite haunt, old boy—the one and only Burgh Island in South Devon. It's the finest place I know for enjoying oneself in luxury at moderate prices. And I hear it's even more comfortable since they made the extensions to the hotel last winter."

"Is the food good?"

"Excellent—so is the wine-list, *and* the service. And you'd enjoy the smugglers' inn, the 'Pilchard'. There's tennis on the Island, too, and golf courses on the mainland nearby. Oh, and a first-class resident band for dancing. Yes, Burgh Island Hotel has everything, and the scenery, of course, is superb."

"Sounds just the thing — I'll phone them this evening for reservations."

BURGH ISLAND HOTEL

Terms from: The Manager, Burgh Island Hotel, Bigbury-on-Sea, South Devon. Telegram or 'Phone: Bigbury-on-Sea 272.

Harold Atlas

COIFFEUR

Still specializes in individual Hair Styles
Special attention given to Permanent Waving and Hair Tinting.

FOR YOUR APPOINTMENT
TEL. MAYFAIR 8348-9

61 Grosvenor St Mayfair. W.1.

STAR HOTEL

KINGUSSIE

In the heart of Scotland's finest scenery.

A medium-sized friendly hotel, in the centre of historic Kingussie, which makes an excellent pied-à-terre for touring in the Grampians and Strathspey. Modern and very comfortable. Fully licensed. Garage. Golf. Tennis. Bowls. Fishing in the Spey.

Telephone: KINGUSSIE 21

A.A. - R.A.C. - R.S.A.C.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS!

POST your FILMS to

Will R. Rose LTD.
23 BRIDGE ST. ROW, CHESTER
Write for Price List and Special Postal Wrapper

and you will get magnified prints from your small films –

Get **'Magna Prints'** (REGD)

I love

MARIE BRIZARD

APRY

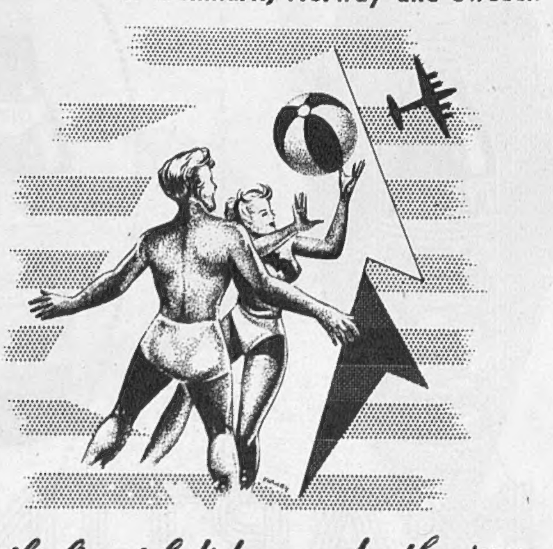
the liqueur of the

Apricot

Now available from Wine Merchants and Stores throughout the United Kingdom
Sole Distributors:
Twiss & Brownings & Hallowes Ltd.
5 Laurence Pountney Hill, London E.C.4

SCANDINAVIATE

to Denmark, Norway and Sweden



for the finest holiday under the sun

Aviate by Scandinavian Airlines to the NEW 'STERLING AREA'—Denmark, Norway or Sweden—the perfect holiday countries—where sterling still buys twenty shillings' worth of holiday pleasure. Enjoy the marvellous food—relax or be energetic, in the invigorating air amongst hospitable people. Fly by SAS luxury 4-engined Airliners, without fuss or queueing, and enjoy every moment of your holiday

Full details from your usual Travel Agency.

SCANDINAVIAN

AIRLINES SYSTEM

185, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

PRESTWICK, AYRSHIRE, SCOTLAND, and at 32 DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER, 3.

Four Fine Sherries

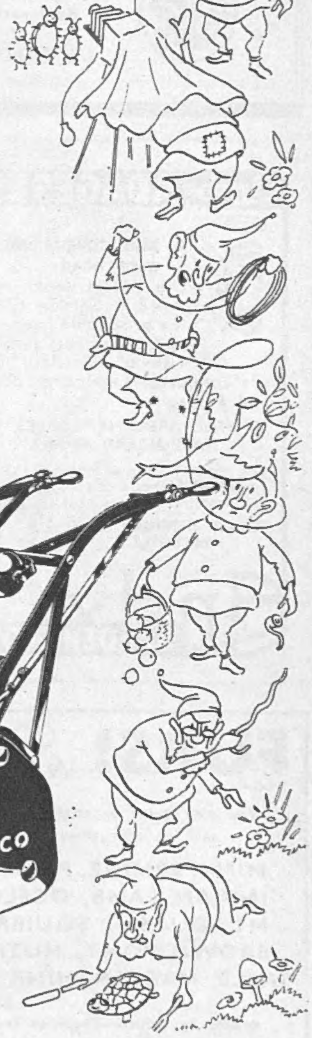
Fernandez Sherries have been famous throughout Spain since 1839. They make an instant appeal to the critical palate by their individual character and peculiar delicacy. Taste and compare them. Pale Dry — 18/- a bottle. Golden Brown, Fino and Amontillado — 18/6. Order them by name from your Wine Merchant. ★ *Sole Importers: Twiss & Brownings & Hallowes Ltd., 5, Laurence Pountney Hill, London, E.C.4.*

Fernandez
Sherry

By Appointment
Motor Mower Manufacturers
Charles H. Pugh Ltd.

THE ATCO 17-INCH MODEL

This model is probably the most versatile in the ATCO range because of the wide range of mowing assignments it can handle. Easily manœuvrable its wider cutters enable a quite moderately sized lawn to be cut speedily with few grass-box emptyings. It is equally at home on larger expanses of turf and can mow 1,300 square yards per hour without effort.



The full range of ATCO motor mowers comprises 12", 14", 17", 20", 28" and 34" models. Write for printed literature.

ATCO PRODUCTS
The Atco Motor Mower
The Atcoscythe
The Atco Boatimpeller
Atco Accessories
Atco Service

CHARLES H. PUGH LTD.

Whitworth Works, Birmingham, 9

DEAUVILLE

"La Plage Fleurie"

JUNE to OCTOBER

ROYAL HOTEL: NORMANDY HOTEL: HOTEL DU GOLF

1,400 LUXURIOUS ROOMS

JULY :—	THE MONTH FOR SPORT.
1st	Rally of the R.A.C. of Great Britain.
2nd	Golf match between R.A.C. and A.C.F.
8th-12th	International Horse Show.
11th-20th	Pigeon Shooting (8,000,000 francs in prizes).
14th	"Concours d'Elegance" reserved for Yachts of the Poole Harbour Yacht Club.
16th-20th	International Regattas and Cruiser Yacht Race, Deauville—St. Valery.
17th-23rd	Tennis. Deauville Cup.
21st-23rd	Thione de la Chaume Golf Competition.
25th-26th	Tennis and Golf Competitions between British and French M.P.s.
27th-31st	Tennis Tournament de Galea Cup.
14th-29th	Races at Clairefontaine.
AUGUST :—	Horse Racing. Polo. Sale of Yearlings. New Golf Competition : 16th "Ward Cup" offered by the Hon. George Ward. Grand Ballet de Monte Carlo of the Marquis de Cuevas—Lyrics and Comedy.
5th and 6th	Latin-American Festivities. Gala at the Ambassadeurs and Garden Party at the Polo.
SEPT. :—	Races at Clairefontaine.
2nd-10th	New Golf "Gold Cup" Competition.

DAILY AIR SERVICES

LONDON—DEAUVILLE

Commencing—FRIDAY, JUNE 30th

Reservations : AIR FRANCE, B.E.A. or your Travel Agent.

BEA

LE BOURGET—DEAUVILLE

from JULY 12th (AIR FRANCE)

MARTINI

17/- sweet

18/- dry

Sole Importers: A. O. Morandi & Co. Ltd. London W1

Andy ADAGES No. 28

A still tongue makes a wise head . . . and the wise gardener wears ANDY Garden Gloves for protection from cuts and scratches and the risk of infection. They are comfortable, durable, pliable and washable.

"THESE ARE THE GLOVES YOU HAVE HEARD ABOUT."

4/11 per pair from all Ironmongers & Stores, or direct 5/2 post free. (State size)

TEDSON THORNLEY & CO. ROCHDALE

Andy Regd **GARDEN GLOVES**

plus ★ RETEX unique to Achille Serre

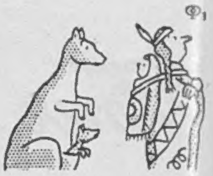
ACHILLE SERRE

Quality Cleaning and Dyeing plus ★ Retex

will make your holiday clothes and sports wear immaculate. Retex will make good the oils and dressings lost in wear.

BRANCHES AND AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL CENTRES

There are many imitations



The continued popularity of Aertex cellular fabric over sixty years has led to many inferior imitations, often loosely described as "Aertex." But the *real* Aertex is unique. It has never been successfully copied. You can tell it by this label.

Genuine Aertex garments bear this label

THE CELLULAR CLOTHING CO. LTD. AERTEX LONDON

—and utility

but only one AERTEX

FURS! COATS WANTED

You may bring or safely post for cash or offer these furs:

MINK, ERMINE, PERSIAN, INDIAN LAMB, OCELOT, MUSQUASH, SQUIRREL, BROWN PONY, NUTRIA, SABLE, MARTEN, MINK TIES!

Replies by return—Enquiries Invited

D. CURWEN,

(Dept. S.)

7a Melcombe Street, Baker Street (opp. Baker St. Stn.), London N.W.1

Gold Cup Jaffajuce

Orange · Orange and Pineapple

also Grapefruit · Lemon · Lime

I'd rather have a Jaffajuce

BECAUSE I KNOW WHAT I'M DRINKING

Breakfast Orange for early morning

ENJOY YOUR JOURNEY FREE from TRAVEL SICKNESS

Don't let the pleasure of your journey by LAND, SEA or AIR be marred by the distress of travel sickness. **Take the proven remedy relied on by travellers the world over for the past 50 years—**

Mothersill's

Now presented in **tablet form** in a handy pack. One or two tablets before setting out on your journey

WILL PREVENT TRAVEL SICKNESS

Get a box from your nearest Chemists

1/6d. for pack of 12 Tablets.

Used successfully for Half a Century.

This is the Gin

By Appointment
Gin Distillers
to H.M. King George VI.

Quality Incomparable

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

Maximum Prices : Per bottle 32/4 ; Half-bottle 16/11 ; Quarter-bottle 8/10 ; Miniature 3/5. U.K. only

---

Entrée to enjoyment...

Just as travel broadens the mind, so do THREE CASTLES Cigarettes widen your appreciation of perfect blending.

The

"THREE CASTLES"

CIGARETTES

20 for 3/10

TT230E

Made by W. D. & H. O. WILLS, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

Something just a little better—

For keeping your hair unruffled, Silvifix is the ideal dressing. Concentrated for economy, a jar of Silvifix lasts 3 to 4 times longer than ordinary dressings. Just a little on the fingertips keeps your hair well groomed all day.

Silvifix

controls the hair without gumming

SXI

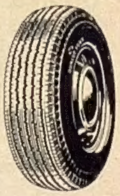
A Silvikrin product

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

HIGHWAYS AND HIGHWAYMEN *John Cottington*

He robbed a dictator – but spared his subjects

John Cottington, more commonly known as Mull-sack, hated Cromwell so much that when he received intelligence about a convoy of twenty horse and a wagon of gold to pay the soldiers at Gloucester and Oxford, he and five or six men ambushed the convoy and actually defeated the troopers. Several passengers who had travelled with the convoy for safety feared the loss of their own possessions, but Mull-sack told them that " they came not to take away any money but what did as justly belong to them as the persons that pretended to it." Mull-sack was hanged in Smithfield Rounds in April, 1659, at the age of 45 years. These picturesque scoundrels, who once made travelling an ordeal, are dead and gone. But to-day, thanks to John Boyd Dunlop's invention of the pneumatic tyre, we can travel in safety and comfort past the places that once echoed to the dreaded cry of " Stand and Deliver! "



THIS PICTURE WAS SPECIALLY PAINTED BY C. E. TURNER FOR THE DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Fortnightly at the Office, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Wednesday, June 21, 1950. Re-entered as Second-Class Matter, August 15, 1941, at the Post Office at New York (N.Y.), under the Act of March 3, 1879.